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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1852.

LITERATURE.

HUC'S TRAVELS IN TARTARY.*

A VISIT to the Grand Lama, in his privileged and well nigh inaccessible Thibetan city of Lhassa, is the object which gives unity to the *souvenirs* of M. Huc, a Roman Catholic Missionary, who, some eight years since, set forth from a small village on the North Eastern borders of China, on an ecclesiastical tour, the nominal purport of which was, the exploration of what is rather sketchily called by a few people several thousand miles off at Rome, the Apostolical Vicariat of Mongolia. The Mission driven out of Pekin, had sought its converts beyond the Chinese wall, and planted a few members of the faithful among the more honest and impressionable tribes of Tartary. From one of these villages, to the north of Pekin, set forth, to traverse the plains and places on the way, the two missionaries, Messrs. Huc and Gabet, with a small train and equipage apparently, in so simple a country not so small as to excite contempt, or large enough greatly to provoke pillage. The travelling establishment was, in fact, rather a vagabond sort of affair, than anything savoring of oriental magnificence. It consisted of a variegated little assemblage of three camels, two loaded, and one for M. Gabet, a black mule for the servant and man of all work, and M. Huc, himself, mounted on a white horse, and along with them trotted their faithful dog Arsalan, the guardian of the tent. The treasury appears to have been of limited extent, rendering not quite unnecessary the supplementary skill and resources in cooking and providing of the attendant, and the practised adroitness of the brethren themselves, who had acquired in China the art of dealing with most consummate rogues and landlords. Every party of knight errantry should have its squire: the Ralph, or Sancho Panza of M. Huc's expedition, was Samdadchiemba, a name worthy of a story in the Arabian Nights, and with a character to match it.

"This young man was neither a Chinese, a Tartar, nor a Thibetan, but a little of all three, a Dehiahour. At the first glance it was easy to perceive his Mongol origin; he had a deeply bronzed complexion—a great mouth, cut in a straight line—and a large nose insolently turned up, that gave to his whole physiognomy a disdainful aspect. When he looked at you with his little eyes twinkling between lids entirely without eye-lashes, and with the skin of his forehead wrinkled up, the feeling he inspired was something between confidence and fear. His life had been spent in rather a vagabond manner, in rambling, sometimes about the Chinese towns, and sometimes in the deserts of Tartary—for he had run away, at the age of eleven, from a Lama college, to escape the excessive corrections of his master. This mode of life had of course not tended much to polish the natural asperity of his character, and his intelligence was entirely uncultivated; but his muscular strength was immense, and he was not a little proud of it. After having been instructed and baptized by M. Gabet, he had wished to attach himself to the service of the missionaries, and the journey we were about to undertake was precisely in harmony with his rambling and adventurous humor; but he was of no use in directing our course, for he knew no more of

this country than we did ourselves, and our only guides were a compass and excellent map of the Chinese empire, by *Andriveau Goujon*.¹

Sancho himself never delighted more in the favorable vicissitudes of travel, than did Samdadchiemba, when a feast was on the carpet, a grandee with a kitchen to be visited, or, not less inviting, for appetite is comparative, when a little dry dung fuel turned up among the storms of the desert, a mantling pool by the way side, was less stagnant than usual, and the coarse infusion of brick tea at last bubbled in the pot. M. Huc is evidently a man of good digestion, and puts those things down with a relish.

Feasting is an essential part of travelling, and there are some good feasts in M. Huc's pleasant and marvellous book. We cannot better test the civilization of the country than by quoting one or two of them. At the outset we come upon a restaurant at Tolon-Noor, which has a variation or two from Sir Francis Head's capital *Café de Paris*.

SHOWING YOUR HONOR.

"We entered a spacious hall, where were distributed with great order and symmetry a number of small tables. We seated ourselves at one, and immediately a teapot was placed before each of us, for this is the obligato commencement of every repast. Before taking anything else you must take a large quantity of boiling tea. While we were occupied in swelling ourselves out with this beverage, we received the visit of the *Steward of the Table*. This is usually a personage of elegant manners, endowed with prodigious volubility of tongue, who is acquainted with all countries and knows everybody's affairs; but he concludes his harangue by asking for your orders; and, as you name the dishes, he repeats what you say, aloud in a sort of singing voice, for the instruction of the *Governor of the Kettle*. The meal is served with admirable promptitude; but, before commencing, etiquette requires you to go round and invite all the guests in the room to join you.

"Come! Come all together!" you cry. "Come and drink a little glass of wine—eat a little rice."

"Thank you, thank you!" responds the company; "come rather and seat yourself at our table—it is we who invite you;" and then having, in the phrase of the country, "shown your honor," you may sit down and take your meal like a man of quality.

"As soon as you rise to go, the steward of the table again presents himself; and, while you traverse the apartment, he proclaims again the nomenclature of the dishes you have asked for, and concludes by naming, in a loud voice, the sum total of the expense; after which you go into the office and disburse the amount."

The pomposity of that proceeding has its dignity and recommendations, but there is a touch of simple piety, with something far grander, in the plain dish out of doors, eaten with the sense of gratitude and commemorated by the circuit of crosses round the rough edge of the Mongol dominions.

A MEAL IN THE DESERT.

"M. Gabet went to gather sticks—Samdadchiemba collected argols in the skirt of his robe, and I sat at the entrance of the tent trying my apprentice hand in the culinary art, by endeavoring to draw a fowl, while Arsalan watched for its entrails with an attentive and eager eye.

"We meant for once to give ourselves a feast, and out of pure patriotism to regale our camel-driver with a dish prepared according to the rules of the *cuisinier François*. The fowl was

therefore artistically carved and deposited at the bottom of our kettle: a few onions, a clove of garlic, a little red pepper, and some roots of synapia salted completed the seasoning, and the whole was soon boiling, for on that day we were rich in fuel. After a while Samdadchiemba plunged his hand into the kettle, and drawing from it a piece of fowl, announced to the guests that the hour was come, and immediately the pot was taken from the fire and placed upon the grass, and we seated ourselves round it close enough to touch with the knees, and each armed with two sticks wherewith we essayed to catch the morsels that floated on the surface of the abundant liquid. When the repast was finished, and we had thanked God for the good meal he had provided for us in the desert, Samdadchiemba went to rinse out the kettle at the pond, and we, to complete our feast, set to work to boil some Mongol tea—the well-known brick tea, boiled with salt—which I must own we only drank from necessity, though Samdadchiemba was enthusiastic in its praise. We afterwards planted a little wooden cross on the site of our encampment, and we continued to mark our course in this way in all our subsequent journeys across the wilds."

On one of these occasions the simple feast is invaded, not by the harpies, but by a royal eagle.

"Our regale was soon ready; we were seated in a triangle on the turf, having between us the cover of the saucepan, which served us for a dish, when on a sudden we heard a loud rushing in the air over our heads: and in a moment a large eagle made a rapid descent upon our supper, and carried off some slices in his talons. When we had recovered from our fright, we could not help laughing at the adventure,—that is to say, M. Gabet and myself; but Samdadchiemba was in a fury, not on account of the purloined kid, but because the eagle, as he rose, had given him a box on the ear with the end of his wing."

But the most serious affair of this kind is one presided over by a dwarf Mongol butcher—the whole of which has a wild nightmare air of terror and comicality. In the realm of Buddha, where souls are subject to strange transmigrations, it is a point of decorum that a Lama (all priests are Lamas, and all the gentlemen of the country priests) should not kill sheep. A lay brother is obtained for the occasion. Our missionaries, by the way, are Lamas too, for by an ingenious device of the clothes philosophy, they had assumed the yellow dress of that profession, it being impossible to get along and serve Christianity in any other costume. They had got now on their journey to the Dobsoon-Noor, and had fallen in with a company of fraternizing Lamas, from whom they bought a sheep. The proceedings are important.

A TRANSMIGRATION EFFECTED.

"As he had said, the Lama was not long before he reappeared. He ran straight to his own tent, tied his horse to a post, unsaddled him, took off his bridle and dismissed him to the pasture with a smart cut of the whip. He entered the tent for a moment, and came out followed by his whole family, that is, by his old mother and two young brothers. All four directed their steps towards our tent, equipped in a singular style. The Lama carried a large saucepan turned over his head like an enormous hat. His mother had at her back a basket filled with argols. The two young Mongols followed with an iron spoon and some other kitchen utensils. At this sight, Samdadchiemba stamped about for joy; he saw a whole day of poetry opening before him.

¹ Recollections of a Journey through Tartary, Thibet and China, during the years 1844, 1845, and 1846, by M. Huc, Missionary Priest of the congregation of St. Lazarus. Appleton's Popular Library.

As soon as the kitchen arrangements were completed, the Lama desired us, out of politeness, to retire within the tent. He thought it probably derogatory to us to be present at the scene of slaughter; but that did not at all suit us, and we inquired whether there would be any impropriety in our sitting down on the turf at a respectful distance, with a promise of not meddling with anything. After making some difficulty, it was observed that we were curious to witness their operations, and the point of etiquette was not insisted on.

The Lama seemed uneasy, and kept looking towards the north of the valley, as if examining something at a distance.

"Ah," said he, with an air of satisfaction, "there he comes at last!"

"Who is coming?" of whom do you speak?"

"Hola! I had forgotten to tell that I went down below there to fetch a *black man* very expert at killing sheep; there he is."

We jumped up directly, and saw something moving amongst the heath. We could not at first discern what it was, for although the object advanced rapidly, it appeared to grow hardly any bigger. At last a figure so singular, made it appearance, that we had a difficulty in restraining our laughter. This *black man* was about fifty years of age, and not more than three feet high. At the top of his head, which was shaped like a sugar-loaf, he wore a small tuft of ill-combed grey hair. A scanty grey beard hung in disorder from his chin, and two protuberances, one on his back and the other on his breast, gave the little butcher a perfect resemblance to the portraits of *Aesop* prefixed to some editions of "La Fontaine's Fables."

The powerful and sonorous voice of this "black man," contrasted singularly with his insignificant stunted figure. He did not lose much time in making compliments to the company. Darting his little black eyes at the sheep which was fastened to one of the ten pins, "Is that the animal you want to put in order?" said he: and while feeling the tail to judge of the creature's fatness, he gave the leg a twitch, threw the sheep dexterously on its back, and tied the four legs together firmly. Then baring his right arm, he asked whether the operation was to be performed within or without the tent.

"Without."

"Good—without then;" and drawing from his girdle a large-handled knife, which long use had rendered sharp and narrow, he plunged it up to the hilt in the flanks of the sheep. He drew it out covered with blood; the animal was dead; dead at one stroke, without making the slightest movement; not a drop of blood gushed from the wound. We were astonished, and asked the little man how he had managed to kill the animal so adroitly and so quickly.

"We Tartars," said he, "do not kill in the same way as the Chinese. They make a cut in the neck, we go right to the heart; the animal suffers less, and all the blood remains neatly inside."

As soon as the "transmigration" was effected, no one had any further scruple.

* * * * *

"My Lord Lamas, shall I bone the sheep?" asked the little man. On receiving an answer in the affirmative, he caused the carcass to be hung up (he was not big enough to do it himself) and mounting on a large stone, he detached the flesh in a single piece, leaving only a well-polished skeleton behind.

* * * * *

The feast being over, the little "black man" took his leave, receiving in payment for his services the four sheep's trotters. In addition to this *honorarium*, fixed by immemorial usage amongst the Mongols, we bestowed on him a handful of tea, that he might speak to his countrymen of the generosity of the Lamas.

of the West. Our neighbors retired with their cooking utensils. The Lama, however, would not leave us alone. After much talk of the East and the West, he took down the skeleton which still hung at the door of the tent, and amused us by reciting, in song, the nomenclature of the bones, great and small, that composed the sheep's frame. His astonishment was great at perceiving that our science on this point was extremely limited.

All the Mongols know the number, name, and place of all the bones of an animal's frame, and never fracture one in cutting up a sheep or an ox. With the point of their large knives they go straight to the joint, which they sever with a speed and address truly astonishing. These frequent dissections, and the habit of living in the midst of their flocks and herds, render the Tartars extremely skilful in the cure of the maladies of animals. The remedies they employ are the simples they collect in the fields, and which they administer with a cow's horn, in the form of decoction. If the animal will not open his mouth, they make him swallow the liquid through the nostrils."

It is a strange land, this Mongolia, of primitive manners, of simple Nomadic usages, fortunately of few wants, for there would not be supplies for more, contrasting boldly in M. Huc's narrative, in the dispositions of the people, with the stifling fraud and treachery of the Chinese, and pervaded above all by a scrupulous system of religiosity. In what other country in the world can you so readily collect money to build a church? How worthy the following contrasts with the petty diplomacy of "pew owners," and slow surrender of the breeches pockets in America, where the voluntary system, it is said, is in full force!

TAKING UP A COLLECTION IN MONGOLIA.

"Whenever any expense for religious purposes is in question. Whenever the building of a Buddhist convent, with its attendant eventual erections, is resolved on, the Lama collectors immediately set out, furnished with passports attesting the validity of their mission. They divide the kingdoms of Tartary into districts, and go from tent to tent, demanding alms in the aid of Old Buddha. They have but to announce their object and produce the *badir* (sacred basin) in which the offerings are deposited, to be received with joy and enthusiasm. None are excused from giving: the rich bestow ingots of gold and silver; those who do not possess any of the precious metals, offer oxen, horses, or camels; the poorer give lumps of butter, skins, and cordage woven from camel and horse-hair. In this manner immense sums are collected; and in these deserts, so poor in appearance, edifices are reared, as if by enchantment, whose grandeur and opulence would defy the resources of the wealthiest potentates. It was, without doubt, in this manner, by the zealous concurrence of the faithful, that those magnificent cathedrals of Europe were reared, of which the gigantic labor so shamed the selfishness and indifference of modern times."

The religious services are at least picturesque—at that distance.

SERVICES OF A BUDDHIST TEMPLE.

"In front of the chief idol, and on a level with the altar, is a gilded seat for the living Fo, the Grand Lama of the convent. The whole space of the temple is occupied by long tables almost level with the ground, a kind of divans placed right and left of the Grand Lama's seat, and stretching from one end to the other. These divans are covered with carpets, and between each row a vacant space is left for the Lamas to pass and re-pass. When the hour of prayer is come, a Lama, whose

office it is to summon to the choir, places himself in front of the grand entrance of the temple, and blows with all the force of his lungs in a conch shell, looking by turns towards the four cardinal points. The sonorous summons of this instrument, which may be easily heard at a league's distance, warns the Lamas that the rule calls them to their devotions, and each takes his mantle and hat of ceremony, and repairs to the interior court.

When the conch sounds for the third time, the grand door is thrown open, and the living Fo makes his entry. After he is seated on the altar, all the Lamas deposit their red boots in the vestibule, and advance barefoot and in silence. As they enter, they adore the living Fo by three prostrations; they then place themselves on the divans according to their dignity, cross-legged and face to face.

As soon as the master of the ceremonies has given the signal, by tinkling a little bell, every one murmurs the prayers marked by the rubric, unrolling the formulary on his knees. After this recitation, a minute of profound silence follows. The bell is again agitated, and then begins a psalmody in two choruses to a grave and melodious strain. The Thibetan prayers, ordinarily arranged in verses, and written in metrical style, are admirably adapted to harmony; but sometimes, at certain pauses indicated by the rubrics, the Lama musicians execute a kind of music little in concord with the melodious gravity of the psalmody. It is a stunning noise of bells, cymbals, tambourines, conch shells, trumpets, whistles, &c. Each musician strikes his instrument with a sort of fury, and each strives to outdo his neighbor in the noise and disorder he can produce.

The interior of the temple is encumbered with ornaments, statuettes, and pictures, having relation to the life of Buddha, and the various transmigrations of the most famous Lamas. Vases of copper, brilliant as gold, of the size and shape of tea-cups, are placed in great numbers on the steps before the idols. In these vases, perpetual offerings of milk, butter, Mongol wine, and millet are made. On the extremities of each step perfume pans are placed, in which aromatic plants, gathered on the sacred mountains of Thibet, are incessantly burning. Rich silk stuffs, loaded with tinsel and gold embroidery, are formed into pavilions, whence are suspended pennons and paper lanterns of horn or painted paper."

As might be expected, a nation overburdened with religious ceremonies, has exercised its invention in certain pious subterfuges which we here see developed alongside of their fruitful parentage. When human nature has too much praying on hand, human nature invents a prayer mill, just as she does a cotton gin.

THE TARTAR INVENTION OF PRAYER MILLS.

"Towards the western extremity of the convent the mule ridden by Samadadechiema suddenly reared, and then set off at a gallop, dragging the two laden camels after him in his disorderly flight. The animals we rode were equally frightened, and all this disorder arose from the presence of a young Lama who was lying extended at full length on the road. He was going through a religious exercise much practised by the Buddhists—that of going round the convent, prostrating himself at every step. Sometimes an immense number of devotees will be going through their act of devotion at the same time, one after the other, and they will include all the neighboring buildings in their prostrations. It is not permitted to diverge in the smallest degree from the straight line to be followed; and should the devotee happen to do so he loses the benefit of all the exercises he has gone through. When the buildings are of great extent, a

whole day will hardly suffice to make the tour with all the necessary prostrations; and the pilgrims who have a taste for this kind of devotion must begin at daybreak, and will not have done till after nightfall. The feat must be performed all at once without any interruption, even that of stopping for a few moments to take nourishment; and the prostrations must be perfect, that is to say, the body must be extended its whole length, and the forehead must touch the earth while the arms are stretched out in front and the hands joined. Before rising also the pilgrim must describe a circle with two ram's horns which he holds in his hands. It is a sorrowful spectacle, and the unfortunate people often have their faces and clothes covered with dust and sometimes with mud. The utmost severity of the weather does not present any obstacle to their courageous devotion, but they continue their prostrations through rain and snow and the most rigorous cold. *Sometimes the additional penance is imposed of carrying an enormous weight of books on their backs; and you meet with men, women, and even children sinking under their excessive burdens. When they have finished their tour they are considered to have the same merit as if they had recited all the prayers contained in the books they had carried.* Some content themselves with taking a walk round the convent, rolling all the while between their fingers the beads of their long chaplet, or giving a rotary movement to a kind of *praying mill*, which turns with incredible rapidity. This instrument is called a *Cau-Kor*, that is, "turning prayer;" and it is common enough to see them fixed in the bed of a running stream, as they are then set in motion by the water, and go on praying night and day, to the special benefit of the person who has placed them there. The Tartars also suspend these convenient implements over their domestic hearths that they may be put in motion by the current of cool air from the opening of the tent, and so twirl for the peace and prosperity of the family.

Another machine which the Buddhists make use of to simplify their devotional activity is that of a large barrel turning on an axis. It is made of thick pasteboard, fabricated of innumerable sheets of paper pasted one on another, and upon which are written in Tibetan character the prayers most in fashion. Those who have not sufficient zeal or sufficient strength to place on their back an immense load of books, and prostrate themselves at every step in the mud, adopt this easier method, and the devout can then eat, drink, and sleep at their ease, while the complaisant machine does all their praying for them.

One day when we happened to be passing one of these machines, we saw two Lamas engaged in a violent quarrel, and almost coming to blows all on account of their zeal for their prayers. One of them it appeared had come, and having set the barrel in motion for his own private account was retiring modestly to his cell; when chancing to turn his head to enjoy the spectacle of its pious revolutions, he saw one of the brethren stop the wheel, and set it whirling again for himself. Indignant of course at this unwarrantable interference, he ran back, and in his turn put a stop to his rival's piety; and they continued this kind of demonstration for some time, but at last losing patience they proceeded to menaces and then to cuffs, when an old Lama came out, and brought the difficulty to a peaceful termination by himself turning the prayer barrel for the benefit of both parties."

That device of an enormous weight of books, is one which every man may smile at, but which a reviewer should be the last to cast a stone at.

The Tartars have an ingenious vicarious faith. It is a settled maxim of the practice

of physic throughout Mongolia, that whether you take the compound of drugs mentioned in the prescription, or whether you take the prescription itself—rolled up and administered in the form of a pill—it is precisely the same thing.

In another paper we shall get with our travellers to Lhassa—they are the only Europeans who have visited that capital this century—though they themselves raise a doubt on this head about Moorcroft—and enjoy some more of these glimpses of an almost unknown people on the route.

BARTLETT'S SYRIA, GREECE, ETC.*

This is the third of Mr. Bartlett's elegant annual volumes, which it now appears we may look forward to as one of the regular enjoyments of the winter. The present is equal to its predecessors in both text and illustration; Mr. Bartlett, handling pen with a facility equal to that with which he has for a long series of years amused and instructed the public by his pencil. His productions in both kinds have similar characteristics; the pen like the pencil-sketches, exhibiting a certain smoothness and elegance, with an evident intention of putting everything in the best light.

Mr. Bartlett is in this volume on ground old alike to the tourist as to the historian, but as the themes of Christianity can never lose their interest, so will the description of the scenes of its early toils and triumphs when presented by a lively and intelligent tourist, ever find auditors. Mr. Bartlett's work, moreover, differs from that of most books of travel on this region, as it combines the researches of two distinct journeys, between which several years intervened.

Mr. Bartlett has the ease of the old traveler, "the picked man of countries." Let us embark with him at the outset of his journey from Alexandria in

AN ARAB COASTER.

"On boarding the rugged sides of the ship, and gaining its deck, the wisdom of our captain's precaution became somewhat disagreeably evident. The Arabs, we know were the first to brave the perils of the deep, but they have not kept pace with the gradual improvement in navigation. Our vessel was just like the old models in nautical cabinets of ships in the middle ages, high tilted at the poop and stern, and with masts, spars, and rigging of curious and antique fashion. So far so good—to a lover of the picturesque; but this was not all; the craft was perilously crazy, the seams yawned as if the shrunken planks were about to come asunder, the ropes and sails looked as if the first stiff breeze would snap the one and split the other to shreds and tatters. There was neither chart nor compass on board. It was in fact just a sample of the Arab coasting vessels, the wrecks of which so picturesquely bestrew the shores of Syria. But then it was the height of summer; the azure sea, ruffled by a light breeze, and reflecting the serene blue of heaven, was pleasant to look upon, and delicious was the coolness of the humid air, after the hot atmosphere and glaring sands of Egypt. Jaffa was but two hundred miles, and if the breeze held, we might hope to reach our destination in four and twenty hours, and be up at Jerusalem in time to witness the ceremonies of the Easter week.

"The interior of the vessel was as primitive as its build and tackle. It was simply decked over from stem to stern, the interior being

* *Footsteps of Our Lord and his Apostles in Syria, Greece, and Italy; a Succession of Visits to the Scenes of New Testament Narrative.* By W. H. Bartlett. Virtue & Co.

totally hollow, and looking with its naked planking and rough ribs, like the interior of some monstrous skeleton, and smelling as if the process of dessication had been imperfectly accomplished. There was no level boarding at the bottom, which was covered with sand and shingle, by way at once of flooring and ballast. A portion of about one-third of this dark den was partitioned off as a cabin, into which we descended, and from which we ascended by the gymnastic process of clambering up and down an upright post, having notches cut into it for the feet. Our carpets and baggage were arranged upon the sand. Sand is said to breed fleas, and our experience fully tended to corroborate the opinion. Nothing, in short, but nasal and ocular evidence could convey to the reader a correct idea of the interior of the worm-eaten old ark, or of the "creeping things innumerable" that took up their habitation within its uncleanly chinks.

"With the usual amount of frenzied gesticulations and unearthly howling, our Arabs hoisted their tattered sail to the breeze, and with a turbaned old pilot to direct our way between the perilous sunken rocks that impede its entrance, we flew rapidly out of the harbor of Alexandria into the open sea."

On arriving at Jaffa, he decides, in consequence of the unsettled state of the country, owing to the invasion of Mehemet Ali, on foregoing his visit to Jerusalem. He consequently proceeds along the coast through Tyre to Beyroot, from whence he visits Baalbec and Damascus—and returning to Beyroot embarks for Western Europe.

On his subsequent visit he takes steamer from Constantinople to Beyroot and travels through the interior from Damascus to the Holy City. He meets on this journey a lady traveller whom we had recently the pleasure of introducing to our readers, Madame Ida Pfeiffer, and as his account of her corroborates her own extraordinary statements, and is one of the most interesting portions of the volume, we shall extract it in part:—

"In the evening of a lovely day, I embarked on board the Austrian steamer, bound for Beyroot, which, passing Seraglio Point, was soon in the open sea of Marmora. As the incomparable panorama of Constantinople faded gradually from view, I looked round to scrutinize the appearance of my fellow-travellers. First-cabin passengers, as it happened, there were none, myself excepted, but there were several of the second-class, while a large company of Turks had taken their passage on deck. Among the second-class passengers, I was struck with the appearance of one, whose quaint, old-fashioned costume strikingly contrasted with the flowing oriental garments around her. This was a lady 'of a certain age,' small and slight in figure, rather plain in countenance. She was dressed in a gown of grey serge, of pilgrim-like plainness of fashion, and wore a broad-brimmed straw hat, large enough to overshadow her whole person. Her manner though observant, was remarkably quiet and retiring, and it was only now and then, when excited by conversation, that the kindling of her dark eye betrayed the fund of enthusiasm which formed the predominating element of her character. I afterwards ascertained that her name was Ida Pfeiffer, that she had long resided in Vienna, and that having settled her children, she had determined to set off on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, alone and unprotected, unless by such chance cavaliers as she might happen to encounter upon the road. She had placed herself, for the nonce, under the guardianship of an old monk, who was going to his convent in Palestine. To reach Jerusalem was, of course, her

first object, as it was also my own. I promised on landing at Beyrouth, to assist her as far as possible, or, if she thought fit to accompany me, to take her under my own charge; an offer which she gladly accepted, although I was not long in discovering that, with her remarkable energy and endurance, she was perfectly independent of any adventitious succor.

* * * * *

"At Jerusalem I lost sight of my earnest and intrepid fellow-traveller, Madame Pfeiffer, who lingered there some time after my departure. I had been surprised at her powers of endurance during a journey which, short as it was, from the heat of the weather, and the character of the country, had tried us all pretty severely. Some years elapsed before I could gain any authentic information concerning her movements, except that she had safely terminated her journey to Palestine, and had published an account of it. Imagine, therefore, my surprise, when I chanced, through a newspaper paragraph, to learn that she was in the vicinity of London, and accessible to a visit. As her host resided at some distance from town, a meeting was appointed at his counting house in the city. From Jerusalem to Crutched Friars was certainly a rather abrupt transition, and as I pushed my way through the multifarious obstructions of our crowded streets to the place of rendezvous, I could not help speculating as to what changes had been wrought by the interval of time and incidents of travel that had occurred since our previous meeting.

I reached the house, hurried up two flights of dirty stairs, tapped at the door of an office differing in no respect from the dark and dingy ones in the city. 'Come in,' was the response; and on entering, in the shadow of the room and looking strangely out of place, in the midst of a heap of ledgers and day-books, was sure enough the well remembered face of my old fellow-traveller, who rose and received me with the most lively expression of satisfaction. I, too, was rejoiced to find no change for the worse in the appearance of my friend after so severe an ordeal as a journey round the world.

"After exchanging our mutual congratulations, the conversation (which was carried on in French, Madame speaking English but imperfectly) naturally turned upon the subject of her recent journey. Reminding her of our original meeting on the shores of Palestine, and of the indifference with which she encountered fatigue and hardship on that occasion, I playfully observed 'that I considered that she had served her apprenticeship to myself, and that I had always boasted of a pupil who had left her tutor so infinitely behind.' She admitted that it was even so, and that her power of bearing privation, tested in that journey, together with the taste for travelling she then required, had led her to meditate still more extensive wanderings.

"It was after my journey to Iceland, which followed that into Palestine —'

"Iceland! my dear Madame!" I exclaimed, with a sudden start. 'Why, I had not the slightest notion you had ever visited that country.'

"Oh yes, and published a book about it," was her quiet reply; and she immediately resumed—"After this Iceland journey, then I left Vienna, and embarked at Hamburg for Rio Janeiro; and after remaining some time on the coast of Brazil, penetrated into the interior, visited the savage tribes, and crossing the continent of South America, reached Valparaiso, which, as you know, is on the shores of the Pacific Ocean. Thence I crossed over to the island of Tahiti, where, during my stay, I was upon the most intimate terms with Queen Pomare. Leaving that beautiful spot, I crossed the wide Pacific Ocean to Canton,

and there penetrated the Chinese quarter, into which Europeans are forbidden to enter. Such a sight had never been seen in Canton before. The people gathered in crowds, the women held up their children as I passed along, the curiosity and amusement of the people were prodigious, and your gracious Queen, on the opening of the Exhibition, could hardly be more run after than was my poor insignificant self."

"And were you not horribly afraid?" I inquired.

"Not in the least," was the reply.

"And did you meet with no insult?"

"Not the slightest. Nothing could exceed the civility of the people. After traversing the city, my Chinese guides brought me to the house of an English merchant, who could scarcely believe that I had come off scathless from so unprecedented an enterprise. Well, from Canton I went to several of the principal parts of China, and touching at Singapore, made my way to Ceylon, where, not satisfied with remaining at Point de Galle, I visited the capital, Kandy. Calcutta was the next point of my journey. I ascended the Ganges on the deck of a bungalow, went far into the interior, examined the antiquities, visited the courts of some of the native princes, by whom I was received, and, satisfied with my survey of India, returned to the west, embarked for the Persian Gulf, and then, ascending the Tigris, looked in upon Mr. Layard in the midst of his excavations at Nineveh."

"Such a narrative of adventure, and from the mouth of a female, might well take away one's breath. I really seemed to be dreaming as I looked upon the frail little body before me, and heard her describe a devious career like this with far less excitement of manner than the mistress of a cockney boarding-house would throw into her account of the perils of a journey to Boulogne. 'What next?' I inwardly exclaimed, as Madame, renewing her narrative, quietly went on.

"I entered next upon *rather* a perilous journey among the countries occupied by the wandering tribes of Kurdistan. Here I more than once fell into the hands of the robbers."

"You surely were not alone on this occasion?" I exclaimed.

"Entirely so," she replied; "and to that cause I probably owed my complete immunity from outrage. What could they do? They saw before them a poor unprotected woman, advanced in years, and with all she possessed in the world done up in a small bundle. They would stop my horse, gaze upon me with astonishment, ask a few questions, and then suffer me to pass unmolested. On one occasion, being exhausted with thirst, I begged for water from the leather bottles they carry it about in, and they gave it me immediately."

"Then there are many more Robin Hoods than have ever been commemorated in song; there is honor even among thieves. Human nature is the same in the forest of Sherwood as in the wilds of Kurdistan."

"Well," she resumed; "after I had done with the Kurd I made my way through Persia and Circassia to the shores of the Black Sea, along which I sailed to Constantinople; thence to Greece, Sicily, and Italy, and so back to my own door at Vienna after an absence of *three* years. And now guess, what do you think this journey cost me?"

"Having already observed the simple and self-denying habits of my old companion, I was prepared for a rather low estimate, but when I considered the mere distance she had gone over, without allowing her anything to eat, I mentally named a figure (a sum of several hundreds), which some experience in travel led me to fix upon as the very minimum of her expense. What was my surprise, then, when she declared that she had performed this ex-

tensive series of wanderings into the interior of so many countries, where the means of conveyance are almost wanting, for the insignificant sum of a hundred and fifty pounds!"

"Alluding to the manner in which I had rediscovered her, I observed that I had previously gained tidings of her through a New York newspaper, under the head of 'What is talked about,' stating that she was in that city, after performing her voyage round the world. What was then my surprise to learn 'that she was never there in all her life,' and that the statement was a pure mystification, like so many others in which our transatlantic brethren seem to delight. 'It was this account,' I remarked, 'that mentioned your being wounded by a robber, stating moreover that you had valiantly defended yourself, and cut off one or two of your adversary's fingers with a knife, and that, I suppose, was also an invention of the editor's.'

"On the contrary," she replied, "that is strictly true, and I bore away with me a lasting memento of it;" she then extended her arm, enveloped in a muslin sleeve, and invited me to make an examination of it. As I did so my hand sunk, with a sickening sensation, into a hollow, midway between the elbow and the shoulder, the token of a deep and ghastly wound, which she will carry with her to the grave."

The Travels in Siberia, to which Madame Pfeiffer refers, we hope soon to have the pleasure of calling our readers' attention to, as it is announced for publication by Mr. Putnam. Our subscribers of some years standing will recognise the American newspaper referred to by Mr. Bartlett. The statement he quotes is from an old number of the Literary World, where it is given on the authority of the New York Observer. The error, therefore, was not our own.

Mr. Bartlett, after visiting Jerusalem, goes to Jaffa, and there embarks for Greece, Malta, and Rome, touching at all the points hallowed by mention in the Acts of the Apostles.

THE ROMANCE OF THE BARRISTER AND THE POLICEMAN.*

WERE the memories and note books of the Barristers and Policemen of our American Metropolis properly ransacked, their details of romance in real life would rival the stirring sketches of the "well appointed" volumes before us. When the barrister and the policeman hunt in couples or forage together, events in their career of the most exciting character are produced. The frauds and crimes of humanity punished or defended by the one, and detected by the other are the spicy condiments of their respective professional meals. In their lives exists little monotony. With them more than in all pursuits of life, "all the world's a stage and all the men and women players." It may be safe to assert that there are very few dramas, plays, comedies, or novels, of successful merit, where an Attorney and a Bailiff, (or some of their analogous officials) do not play some prominent part. The majority of these are depicted in odious lights; but let their brethren take courage, the tide will change and the characters we speak of float on to popularity. Perhaps we may take the volumes before us as an earnest of this commencement.

We once heard a celebrated lawyer say,

* The Experiences of a Barrister, by Warner Warner, Esq., of the Inner Temple, pp. 240.

The Recollections of a Policeman, by Thomas Waters, an Inspector of the London Detective Corps, pp. 222. Cor-nish, Lampart & Co. 1852.

that a villain was the easiest man to describe or analyze, because the depravity of humanity is most universally understood. As a journeyman decorator will win a medal for a caricature on a hotel sign, when his landscapes and maidens in a stage-coach panel or a ship stateroom, will be heartily laughed at as failures. Then, again, villainy is more dramatic than honest behaviour; and the pallet by which vice paints, glows with meretricious colors that are not reflected upon the easel of virtue—Pope's couplet about "the monster of such hideous mien" to the contrary notwithstanding. Forgers of wills and bonds who are successful in three hundred pages and baffled in three chapters; conspirators against domestic happiness; poisoners, of devilish ingenuity; adept rôles and finished Jeremy Diddlers are the commonest commodity of the modern publisher.

"Why do you make a lawyer of your son," said we to a friend, "he has no taste for the profession, and you have wealth in abundance." "I have public life in view for him" was the answer, "and as a lawyer he will best study human nature."

Had we reflected a moment before putting the interrogatory, judgment would have given a far better answer than expediency presented. The young man should have studied law because he was rich; because he was above the temptations which beset the struggling members of the bar in their early career; many of whom, alas! pander to unworthy passions, and live upon unholy quarrels, because they *must* have business. In a neighboring State Prison, under whose arches and by whose frowning walls, every day *fly* thousands and thousands to the music of "a shriek and a roar and a rattle," works at an ignominious labor an educated lawyer whose crimes are the result of yielding to just such temptations of professional want. The crime he suffers for is a crime of maturity, when there was no demon of poverty at his elbow: but the demon which had stood by his side in earlier years left it only to call upon his retreating footsteps a dozen others of equal blackness. The lawyer of honor and probity who loves his profession and has the world's goods at command, can, in ferreting out iniquity, punishing crime, beating down tyranny, and having proper care over

"the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's
contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,"

earn the gratitude of thousands and teach even the grosser portion of the world that the practice of his profession is indeed the perfection of reason. Such a lawyer as a 'Charles Aubrey,' well needed in the scales of Justice to weigh down an entire firm such as 'Quirk, Gammon and Snap.'

The "Policeman" is a character of comparatively late importation in our country. In England and in France he is an antiquity. With us he succeeded the time-honored and never-to-be-forgotten-in-tradition watchman. When the latter disappeared with his leathern cap, his lignumvitae baton and his stormy-weather lantern from our metropolitan purlieus at the bidding of innovating legislators, we sorrowed long and deeply. The pedestrian in former days, or rather former nights, when passing charcoal boxes of corner groceries of dark nights; felt secure in the

reflection that its shadows concealed nothing but the slumbering form of a watchman. The sleepless tosser on a tedious bed, who heard the knock of the club upon the distant curb, beguiled the monotony of his situation in musing over and lamenting the cause which had awakened the "Charlie" from his peaceful repose. But now-a-nights the pedestrian and the sleepless tosser have no watchmen and clubs for assistance and reflection.

The successor policeman is a mere man. He moves through the crowd by day almost unnoticed, and by night he —; he, what? Who—who ever saw one by night except at a fire, when he appears with half a hickory tree, and a lantern as blue as the grog he imbibed at the nearest grocery. He wears an ordinary shovel hat, and ordinary boots. By the uninitiated million he is regarded as a miserable loafer who wastes his precious time by daylight in counting omnibuses at street corners, or timing railroad trains at depots, or roaring out "fun" in street shindies. Perhaps many pity him and mourn over the horrid taste which prompts him to sport so large a star breastpin upon the collar of his coat. Yet, loafer that he looks, uninteresting mortal that he seems, our "M. P." is generally brimming over with the wine and lees and fat things of gossip and living romance. With him knockers and bell pulls and door knobs possess associations of wonderful import. Window blinds open for him wide fields of conjecture. Chimney top and cellar beget in him astounding revelation. He is decidedly your customer in an hour of ennui, if you can catch him in an "ale" house of a rainy day when the brandy is decently watered. There he will discourse to you of Miss —, who eloped from yonder house at midnight with a young Frenchman, who next week was "pulled" in Boston for a burglary. Or of Augustus —, who used to drop from the adjoining window upon the sidewalk when papa was asleep, to visit the "flash" house in the next square, or of the little yellow house around the corner where there is a queer soirée every Saturday night, to which he has never yet had an invitation, and whose mysteries he has not yet fathomed—although he expects to!

And thuswise is it that *The Policeman of Gotham* are its topographical engineers.

The volumes that have served as targets for these "random shots" are worthy of kind considerations. The "Policeman" with his "recollections" will delight the most fastidious. And the "experiences" of the "Barrister" are in no wise tedious. Considering the topics which are the "staples" of these "recollections" and "experiences," their style is unpretentious and elegant. The tales are thrilling, without bordering upon the improbable or the horrible. Their phases of life are instructive, and never repulsive. In almost every one exists a unity of design and a terseness of the conversational that belong to the true drama. The "Barrister" has seen enough of low society to draw instructive contrasts. The "Policeman" has moved enough in high life to thoroughly know its vagaries, follies, and salient points. A patient seeking relief from morbid disposition to sleep, can never want for a specific when these books are ready for his optics.

"Pleasure is nothing else but the intermission of pain, the enjoying of something I am in great trouble for till I have it."—*Selden's Table Talk.*

MARCUS WARLAND.*

MRS. HENTZ is well known and appreciated as one of the most delightful of our lady writers, and is an especial favorite with maids and matrons at many a happy home and cheerful fireside. Her "Rena" and "Linda" are models of graceful domestic fiction. In her present work she has chosen a higher path, and while she amuses and instructs our wives and daughters, interweaves with her plot a very modest but none the less admirable and effective political tract, which we humbly recommend to the notice of certain turbulent fanatics of the North and East, whether they inhabit petticoats, pantaloons, or the neutral ground consecrated to Bloomerism.

"A native of the North, and a dweller of the South"—says our authoress—"with affections strongly clinging to both of the beautiful divisions of our country, I trust that I have brought to the task an unprejudiced mind, a truthful spirit, and an honest and earnest purpose."

The lessons she inculcates are not delivered in a dictatorial, self-sufficient manner, but ingeniously woven in with the story, imparting to it force and reality, without diminishing its romance or interest.

Mr. Warland, the father of the hero, degraded by intemperance, and entrapped in the wiles of a negro trader, is about to sell the nurse of his children, a faithful family negro, whom he promised his wife upon her death bed never to part with, and the description of the scene, although somewhat long for a quotation, possesses so much spirit and ability that we cannot pass it by.

RIGHT MAKES MIGHT.

"Is this the woman?" asked the stranger, measuring her from head to foot with a bold, calculating glance.

"Yes," replied Warland, "but wait awhile—the children."

"I tell you I'm in a hurry," said the man, "and must be off directly. Look round here, nigger, and tell us how old you are."

"It's none of your business," said Milly, rolling her eyes portentously at him, a faint glimpse of his purpose dawning on her understanding.

"I shall teach you better manners, I promise you," said the man, giving a whizzing motion to the whip he carried in his right hand, and which he had been trailing idly on the floor.

"When you're *my* master, you may," said Milly, with a scornful toss of her turbaned brows.

"I'm your master now, if I choose to take you, so none of your airs to me." Then turning to Warland, who was cowering before the flashing eye of Marcus, he added, "I'll keep to the bargain, and give you what we agreed. If I find you've deceived me, however, and she proves unsound, or lazy, or unmanageable, I'll not pay you one cent."

"Father," exclaimed Marcus, coming between him and the man, directly in front of Aunt Milly, in whose veins the burning blood of Africa was boiling with indignation; "father, you are not going to sell Aunt Milly—you cannot—you dare not do it."

"Why can't I?" cried the perfused wretch, quailing before the bright rebuking glance that seemed to scorch his brow, "She belongs to me, and I've a right to do what I please with her."

"You haven't the right," cried the undaunted

* Marcus Warland; or, *The Long Moss Spring, a Tale of the South*. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. Philadelphia: A. Hart.

boy, 'you are perjured if you do it, in the sight of God and men. You promised my mother on her death-bed that you never would part her from us. You told her, if you ever did, that you prayed God would destroy you, body and soul. Oh! my father; think what you are doing. Oh, you don't know what you are doing; you are not yourself; I feared it would be so. If you had only stayed at home!' Marcus could not go on; a suffocating sense of shame and dishonor reflected from the author of his being, smothered his voice. Then Aunt Milly's imprisoned wrath found vent. Pressing closer to her, the pale and trembling Katy, who had sprung into her arms and pillow'd her white cheek on the sable bosom that had fostered her with all a mother's tenderness, her eyes, burning like ignited charcoal, flashed from her master to the insolent stranger, and back again, their zigzag lightning.

"I told my mistress," said she, panting at every breath, "I told her they should take every drop of my heart's blood 'fore they took me from these children, and they shall. If master is a mind to parjure his soul, and fly right in the face of the Lord Almighty on the back of the evil serpent, I'm not going to do it, not I. That's right, honey; hold tight to old Milly, she'll never let go on you long as she breathes the breath of life. Stand up, young master, they can't hurt you; the hairs of your head is all counted. The Lord that lived Moses out of the lion's foornace will keep you from the snare of Satan, and the prongs of the wicked ones."

"The man, who seemed to admire this exhibition of spirit, as a proof of the physical power and energy of the slave he was about to purchase, laughed deridingly, and told her to come down off her stilts, and be ready to march.

"Sir," said Marcus, feeling his strength insufficient to wrestle with this tall, strong man, in defence of Milly, and determined to appeal to his better feelings, "you cannot wish to take from us our only servant. We have no mother, and my little sister would die of grief, if you deprive her of her nurse. She will have no one to take care of her. There are plenty of negroes to buy, who can be better spared, if you must traffic in human blood. Leave us our only one, the last of all we've had."

"The man seemed moved by this appeal, and might have been softened, had it not been for the boy's reproach upon his heartless trade. Angry thus to be rebuked by a mere stripling, a child, he assumed a rougher demeanor, and declared, with a blistering oath, that he would not be browbeaten by children, and that the creature should tramp with him directly. He raised his whip in a threatening manner, as if he would intimidate the fair-haired boy who dared to cross his path with such unprecedented boldness.

"With the bound of the young deer, whose antlered head he had so lately laid low, Marcus sprang to the corner where his gun was leaning, seized it, and leaping back in front of Milly, levelled it at the breast of the stranger.

"Touch her if you dare," said he, in a commanding tone; "lay one finger on her, and I'll stretch you dead at my feet."

The slight form of the boy seemed to tower and dilate with the energy of his passion, and the darkening iris of his eyes looked black as jet, and scintillated with living sparks. The drunken father, roused by this splendid exhibition of juvenile power, came staggering towards him. "Don't kill him, Marcus—I'll give it up—you see how it is, sir"—he stammered, catching hold of the back of a chair for support. Marcus still stood, moveless as a statue, his eye fixed, his weapon pointed at the breast of the man.

"Oh, blessed young master!" cried Milly, fully believing he had turned into something more than human; "you mustn't commit mur-

der to save a poor creature like me. I wouldn't have a drop of blood spilled on your white soul, to save myself from pardon. Let him take me, an he will; but I vow 'fore my heavenly Master, I'll never eat nor drink one morsel more as long as I live, but just starve out and out; and I give him joy for the work he'll git out o' me."

"Put up your gun, young bloodhound," said the man, who had visibly turned pale, under the shade of his shaggy brows, "and keep your old nigger, if you want her. The next time I make a bargain with a drunken man, I'll know what I'm about. Look here, sir, you had better take care of yourself. If you ever make such a fool of me again—do you hear?—I'll blow your brains out."

"With long strides and muttering threats he cleared the cabin, slamming the door after him, so that every plank of the floor vibrated from the concussion. There was silence for a few moments, first broken by the loud sobs of Milly, mingled with the gentler moans of the almost heart-broken little Katy. Marcus went to the door, and, stepping out, shot off the rifle in the air. The echoes went rattling across the river, and fell like rocks on the opposite side.

"What did you do that for?" asked his father, sullenly, "haven't you made noise enough yet?"

"I'll tell you what I did it for," answered the boy, with a face as pallid as marble, and an eye glittering like steel. "I was afraid I should kill you, father, and myself too; yes, I was. I never felt as I did just now. Feel my hands, Aunt Milly; are they not cold as ice? and yet I seem turned to fire. I wish we were all dead, Katy and Aunt Milly, and I too. You may live, if you want to, father, for you ought to be afraid to die. You have broken your promise to Mr. Bellamy; you have broken your promise to my dead mother; you have broken your promise to God; yes, you ought to be afraid to die."

To the truth of the following every person will bear testimony who has visited the South, and remained long enough to know that their negroes are treated like human beings, with hearts, and affections, and souls, in place of being held somewhat lower than the dogs, and kicked upon all occasions, as they are by their professed friends among us.

SLAVERY AS IT IS.

"Those who live on the edge of a crater," replied the gentleman, "must expect to be destroyed by the volcanic power that ejects the boiling lava. But such a state of existence would not be life to me. It would be living death. I could neither eat nor sleep with the groans of these unhappy creatures ringing in my ears; with their tears moistening the bread their shackled hands were preparing for my lips. I should expect every mouthful would choke me. I should expect my dreams would be haunted by the spectres of accusing conscience."

"I am very young," said Warland, looking earnestly at the group now gathered around him, "and my words may have less weight on that account; but, nevertheless, I hope their truth will be their passport. Young as I am, I have been on many broad plantations, and witnessed the discipline of hundreds and hundreds of slaves. I have seen them in the household, I have seen them in the field, and seldom while engaged in their labors have I heard one groan of anguish, or witnessed one tear of sorrow. They sing and jest over their tasks, and wear far happier and more smiling faces than the hired servants employed to perform your daily work. They are not taxed beyond their strength and endurance. Self-interest alone, if no higher, better motive, would induce the planter to husband the strength that is to till

his soil and gather in its wealth. That there are instances where the master abuses his power, and the African feels the heavy weight of bondage, I do not doubt; for where is the social or political institution which tyranny has not abused and power perverted? The task-master of your factories often oppresses the pale operative that toils over the loom, and the master of a household sometimes rules with an iron rod. I only contend for the general law of kindness and humanity."

"Still, you must acknowledge," continued the gentleman, "that the only bond existing between the enslaver and the slave must be exerted power on one side and enforced obedience on the other."

"No, sir," exclaimed Warland, with a heightening color, and his fine voice swelling like a rich, deep-toned instrument. "I acknowledge no such thing. There is the bond of affection, of gratitude, tenderness, and esteem. The dark background of slavery exhibits some of the most beautiful and touching traits of the southern character, and into that dark ground itself are wrought some of the brightest and softest colors that adorn the landscape of life. Allow me to speak of my own experience. In very early years, myself and infant sister were deprived of a mother's care, and peculiar circumstances threw us on the kindness and fidelity of a negro nurse. With all a mother's self-sacrificing tenderness she watched over and cherished us, and with true filial and devoted love have we repaid her maternal cares. The fair hands of my adopted mother, the mistress of more than a hundred slaves, are now scarred by the flames into which she plunged them to save the life of a poor mulatto girl whom she tenderly loved."

"This is indeed a very uncommon instance," said the gentleman, "but there are some noble, self-sacrificing beings who redeem the selfishness of a whole generation. There are some even in Sardis who have not defiled their garments."

"On the river whose rapid current made the music of my boyhood," continued Warland, "there was a burning boat. Among those who were exposed to a fiery death there was only one lady, accompanied by a negro girl. The pilot, who chanced to be a negro, with a chivalry that would have done honor to a white man, rushed to the lady, and told her if she would suffer him to fasten a rope round her body, and attach it also to his own, he could save her life. 'And my girl too,' cried she, turning to the poor negro, who was clinging to her side. 'I sorry, mistress, I cannot take but one.' 'Then I die with her,' said the heroic woman. 'I cannot leave her to perish. Save yourself. I ask not life on such terms.' The African, more anxious than ever to rescue one so disinterested and humane, made superhuman exertions, and bore them both in safety through the roaring flames and the whelming waves. This is only one of a thousand instances that might be brought forward to prove the strong affection existing between those whom the Almighty has distinguished by the midnight hue and the tints of morning."

"Thank you," said the gentleman. "I should like very much to witness such a state of things as you describe. But if they are really happy, why do we see so many fugitives trying to escape from their bonds?"

"Why, the world is full of runaways of every kind," answered I. "There is many a truant schoolboy that eludes his task; many a recreant from the authority of home; and many a young miss that makes a moonlight flitting. But there are innumerable examples of those who have resisted the strongest allurements to remain in a land of freedom, and pre-

ferred the service of their masters to being aliens in a strange home.'

'There is one thing I would like to hear you explain, my young friend,' continued he, turning to Warland, who had drawn back so as not to veil my dawning brightness. 'You observed these bondmen exhibited more cheerfulness than those whom we employ to fill subordinate stations in our households, though they toil for others without hope of remuneration. I should like to hear you explain the principle that animates them.'

'Your servants, as far as I understand,' cried Warland, 'are ever changing, seldom remaining long in the service of the same family. The prospect of higher wages will induce them to leave the kindest and best of friends. There is seldom time given for the formation of binding attachments. While the negro, who is born in the household of his master, and brought up with his children, feels identified with its interests by all those powerful associations which are twined round the heart in the morning of life. It is true he toils for his master, but he is fed, and clothed, and sheltered, without care or forethought of his own. In sickness he is nursed; in old age protected; free from those anxious misgivings for the future, which oppress the hearts of their owners. Oh! believe me, sir, we are strangely misunderstood. I would not for the sovereignty of worlds attempt to remove your prejudices by the sacrifice of truth; but when it inspires and sustains me in all I utter, I could go on and speak volumes on the subject, if the memory of my youth and position did not warn me to forbear.'

Let us earnestly commend this work to the young for its interest, and to the old for its truth; to the Southerner for its modest but effective argument, and to the wrong-headed dreamer of the North as a sunbeam to dispel some of the mists in which he is groping, and to all who wish to study an important subject in the social organization of a large portion of our country from a point of view not often presented to northern readers, we say read 'Marcus Warland.'

MAURICE'S LORD'S PRAYER.*

MR. MAURICE belongs to a class of which Mr. Kingsley is also a member in the Church of England, who are in favor of a wider and freer development of the powers and energies of that body and of corresponding liberal reforms in the State. The sermons of which this volume is composed were delivered in London in the months of February, March, and April, 1848, and betray some indications of the effect on their author's mind of the revolutionary scenes which were then going on across the channel.

The analysis of the Lord's Prayer is close and searching. The following remarks on the first word of the Prayer, to the consideration of which this volume is devoted, are a good example of the manner in which the whole is treated therein:

OUR FATHER.

Much of the practical difficulty of the prayer lies assuredly in the first word of it. How can we look round upon the people whom we habitually feel to be separated from us by almost impassable barriers; who are above us, so that we cannot reach them, or so far beneath us, that the slightest recognition of them is an act of gracious condescension; upon the people of an opposite faction to our own, whom we denounce as utterly evil; upon

men whom we have reason to despise; upon the actual wrong-doers of society, those who have made themselves vile, and are helping to make it vile; and then teach ourselves to think that in the very highest exercise of our lives, these are associated with us; that when we pray, we are praying for them and with them; that we cannot speak for ourselves without speaking for them; that if we do not carry their sins to the throne of God's grace, we do not carry our own; that all the good we hope to obtain there belongs to them just as much as to us, and that our claim to it is sure of being rejected, if it is not one which is valid for them also? Yet all this is included in the word 'Our' till we have learned so much, we are but spelling at it; we have not learned to pronounce it. And what man of us—the aptest scholar of all—will venture to say that he has yet truly pronounced it; that his clearest utterance of it has not been broken and stammering? Think how many causes are at work every hour of our lives to make this opening word of the prayer a nullity and a falsehood. How many petty disagreements are there between friends and kinsfolk, people dwelling in the same house—so petty that there is no fear of giving way to them, and yet great enough to cause bitterness and estrangement, great enough to make this 'Our Father' a contradiction. How often does my vanity come into collision with another man's vanity, and then, though there be no palpable opposition of interest between us, though we do not stand in the way of each other's advancement, what a sense of separation, of inward hostility, follows! As the mere legal, formal, distinctions of caste become less marked, how apt are men to indemnify themselves for that loss by drawing lines of their own as deep and more arbitrary? As persecution in its ruder shapes becomes impossible, what revenge does the disputatious heart take under this deprivation, by bitter manifestations of contempt for an adversary, by identifying him more completely with his opinions, by condemning him, if not for them, then for the vehemence and bigotry with which he supports them! How many pretenses have the most tolerant amongst us for intolerance! How skilful are the most religious in finding ways for explaining away the awful command, 'Judge not, that ye be not judged!'

Every page of the volume is in like manner filled with passages of force and beauty. The sermons are all short and to the point. We trust this reprint will be followed by that of Mr. Maurice's other writings.

REMARKABLE LITERARY FORGERIES.

[From the *London Athenaeum*, March 6.]

In the case of the recently published letters of Shelley, edited by Browning, the poet—the Shelley Letters published by Mr. Moxon, are, it turns out, with but one or two exceptions—forgeries. It is proper to say at once that Mr. Moxon has been deceived,—and that no gentleman from the moment of the discovery could have acted more straightforwardly and promptly than he has done in this transaction. As soon as he was convinced that he had been the means (the innocent means) of giving to the public a false article—he did his best to repair his mistake. He has suppressed the book, and has called in the copies delivered to the trade.

The discovery was made in quite an accidental manner. Mr. Moxon had sent a copy of the book to Mr. Tennyson. During a visit which Mr. Palgrave was paying to Mr. Tennyson he dipped into the Shelley volume and lighted on a letter written from Florence to

Godwin—the better half of which he at once recognized as part of an article on Florence written for the 'Quarterly Review' so far back as 1840 by his father, Sir Francis Palgrave. It is good to find a son so well versed in the writing of his father as young Mr. Palgrave proved himself to be on this occasion. He lost no time, as we may suppose, in communicating his curious discovery to his father; and Sir Francis, after comparing the printed letter with the printed article, wrote at once to Mr. Moxon informing him that the letter—by whomsoever written—was a "crib" from an article which he had written for the 'Quarterly Review.'

Started at such intelligence, Mr. Moxon replied, that he had bought the letter at a public sale among other letters also by Shelley,—and that the passage of which Sir Francis claimed the authorship, was contained in a letter written by Shelley, carrying upon it the post-mark of the period and other written signs which apparently marked it to be genuine.—The Deputy-Keeper of the Public Records was, it may be readily imagined, equally startled with Mr. Moxon at the announcement of such a fact. He wanted to see the letter. The letter was produced. "It looks genuine;"—"Is it not genuine?"—"I am the author of that passage, but not the writer of that letter," was the reply of Sir Francis. "But may not Sir Francis," it was urged to Mr. Moxon "have seen this letter in the noble collection of autographs belonging to his father-in-law Mr. Dawson Turner?"—a question which only added a fresh difficulty to the solution sought.

In this emergency, Mr. Moxon had recourse to the assistance of a gentleman known to be conversant with autographs. The letters were placed in his hands, with a request that he would spare no pains to ascertain the truth about them,—and with this information to guide him—that they had been shown to some Post-office clerks at the General Post-office, who "to the best of their belief" pronounced them to be genuine.

The first step taken after this was, to compare the post-marks with Byron's letters to Mr. Murray posted from the same cities in the same month and year, and to the same city—London. Here they failed,—and in this way. When "Ravenna" on a genuine letter was in a small sharp type—in the Shelley letter it was in a large uncertain type;—and in the letters from Venice the post-mark of the City of Palaces was stamped in an *Italic*, and not as in the Shelley specimens in a Roman letter! These were strong facts; but then the dates agreed with Shelley's sojourn at the several places—the seals were correct. The handwriting was marvelously Shelley-like:—no hesitation about it, —a free accustomed hand. "Are they not genuine?"

From whom did Mr. Moxon buy these letters? They were bought at Sotheby & Wilkinson's at large prices. From whom did Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson receive them for sale? "We had them from Mr. White, the bookseller in Pall Mall, over against the Reform Club." Off runs the gentleman-detective. "From whom did you Mr. White, obtain these letters?"—"I bought them of two women—I believed them to be genuine, and I paid large prices for them in that belief." Such are the words supposed to have been spoken by Mr. White. The two women would appear to have been like the man in a clergyman's band, but with a

*The Lord's Prayer. Nine Sermons preached in the Chapel of Lincoln's Inn. By F. D. Maurice, Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn. Philadelphia: H. Hooker.

lawyer's gown, who brought Pope's letters to Cull.

It would be impolitic at this stage of an important inquiry to publish the whole of the particulars placed at our service in elucidation of the forgery of these letters. It is proper, however, to say thus early that there has been of late years, as we are assured, a most systematic and wholesale forgery of letters purporting to be written by Byron, Shelley and Keats,—that these forgeries carry upon them such marks of genuineness as have deceived the entire body of London collectors, that they are executed with a skill to which the forgeries of Chatterton and Ireland can lay no claim,—that they have sold at public auctions and by the hands of booksellers to collectors of experience and rank,—and that the imposition has extended to a large collection of books bearing not only the signature of Lord Byron, but notes by him in many of their pages—the matter of the letters being selected with a thorough knowledge of Byron's life and feelings, and the whole of the books chosen with the minutest knowledge of his tastes and peculiarities.

But the "marvel" of the forgery is not yet told. At the same sale at which Mr. Moxon bought the Shelley letters were catalogued for sale a series of (unpublished) letters from Shelley to his wife, revealing the innermost secrets of his heart, and containing facts, not wholly dishonorable facts to a father's memory, but such as a son would wish to conceal. These letters were bought in by the son of Shelley, the present Sir Percy Shelley,—and are now proved, we are told, to be forgeries. To impose on the credulity of a collector is a minor offence compared with the crime of forging evidence against the dead, and still minor as in one instance against the fidelity of a woman.

Our readers will remember that it is our practice to report the principal autograph sales, and to offer, when opportunity occurs, extracts from letters and documents of historical or biographical importance. Now, some of the documents and letters to which we have called attention have since, through our publicity, undergone the severe trial of Sir Frederick Madden's critical judgment, and have found a fitting place on the shelves of the British Museum. We have, however, we fear, given additional publicity to some of these undoubted Shelley and Byron forgeries, and if our readers will turn to our account of the sale, at Puttick & Simpson's, of Mr. Hodge's collection of autographs, they will find extracts of letters from Shelley to Byron and from Byron to Shelley, (the former especially), the presumed originals of which we have now no doubt were forgeries. Shelley's letter containing an assertion against the fidelity of "Harriet," which sold for £6 6s.—and which excited even then our indignant protest, although we had no reason to doubt its genuineness—was of this sort. The forgery of Chatterton injured no one but an imaginary priest,—the forgery of Ireland made a great poet seem to write worse than Settle could have written,—but this forgery blackens the character of a great man, and worse still, traduces female virtue.

Mr. Moxon is not the only publisher taken in. Mr. Murray has been a heavy sufferer, though not to the same extent. Mr. Moxon has printed his Shelley purchases;—Mr. Murray—wise through Mr. Moxon's example—will not publish his Byron acquisitions.

PROF. STUART ON THE BOOK OF PROVERBS.*

THERE is a melancholy interest attached to this work, inasmuch as it was prepared by the learned author just before his death, and is now sent forth by his son. Its vigor and clearness, its terse, pointed criticism, its genial spirit, and its reverential tone, not only indicate that length of years had not diminished the aged Professor's activity and energy, but also increase the regret that all biblical students feel that Prof. Stuart was not spared still longer to labor in the important field of Scriptural exegesis and criticism. The present volume is an apt sequel to the preceding one by the same author on the Book of Ecclesiastes. A copious and carefully prepared Introduction of 134 pages enables him to consider quite at large the various questions touching the authorship, arrangement, characteristics, idioms, ancient versions, &c. of the Book of Proverbs. The remainder of the volume is devoted to a new version of the text, with brief grammatical and philological notes; and though it may not be possible—as it is not—to agree with the venerable Professor on all occasions, yet, at the same time, every one, we are confident, will be profited by a perusal and study of the work, and admire the candor and good sense of the author, qualities needed by the biblical interpreter quite as much as learning and skill in language and its idioms.

MEDICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Examination of Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, &c., as to their Purity and Adulteration. By C. H. Pierce, M.D. Cambridge: John Bartlett.

Children: their Hydropathic Management in Health and Disease. By Joel Shew, M.D. New York: Fowlers & Wells.

Homeopathy and Allopathy. By E. E. Marey, M.D. New York: William Radde.

In accordance with a late act of Congress for the prevention of the importation of adulterated drugs, medicines, and chemicals, Dr. Pierce was appointed Examiner at the port of Boston. In the fulfilment of his duties, the subject of his book has been with the author an everyday study and experience, and he has accordingly given us a useful practical treatise. The various tests, sensible and chemical, of the purity and impurity of medicines of drugs, chemicals, and of some articles of food, are presented, in accordance with recognised authorities, and are stated briefly and intelligibly. The book must be of advantage to those who have similar offices to perform with the author, and to all who have anything to do commercially or otherwise with drugs, chemicals, &c.

In Dr. Shew's work on the hydropathic management of children, there is a good deal of sensible observation in regard to the general conduct of children in health and disease, which will meet with a hearty concurrence. What may be peculiar to the author's hydropathic system of practice will be accepted according to the medical opinions of his readers.

Dr. Marey's book is a rejoinder from the homeopathic side of the medical question, in answer to Dr. Hooker's attack on homeopathy. It is written in the spirit of a polemic. It is energetic and presents the peculiar views of the homeopathist with force. The book is dedicated to Bryant the poet, who we are told "has given the powerful support of his genius to the great law of *similia similibus curantur*." This is a view of our American poet in a new phase, and his position among the homeopathists may account for the infinitesimal quantities.

* A Commentary on the Book of Proverbs. By Moses Stuart. N. York: M. W. Dodd. 1852.

ties of his poetry he has seen fit to dispense in these later days. For our part we wish he might recur to the old practice.

MARKS AND REMARKS.

AMIDST the crowd and hurry of our American life, which leaves little time to live in—to say nothing of dying and being buried in—there comes to us something peculiarly soothing and impressive, in this account from the Dresden Correspondence of the *London Literary Gazette*, of the death and funeral of a minor poet and artist, but one who appears to have been greatly loved. Reinick was the author of several volumes of poems "full of sunshine," as an artist the illustrator of Books of Songs, an A B C book with stories in rhyme by himself, and other publications for childhood:—"I have just returned from a very melancholy but impressive ceremony, the funeral of Robert Reinick, the poet and painter, whose sudden death has cast a gloom over the whole artistic circle of Dresden. I was greatly shocked on Saturday last to hear that he had died that morning from aneurism. I had left him the previous Sunday evening in his usual state of health, not then aware that a speedy and sudden death had been some months before foretold by his physician. He died on Saturday, the 7th of February, in the forty-seventh year of his age.

"On the following Tuesday, a large concourse of friends, artists, and literary men, met at his house, to pay the last tribute of their respect to his memory, by accompanying the body to the grave. Bendemann and Hübner, two of the most celebrated artists of the Düsseldorf school, resided in the same house; and to me one of the most touching marks of grief I witnessed that morning, was to see poor Reinick's favorite dog wandering about Bendemann's rooms, refusing to play with the children, looking up wistfully into the eyes of every one who entered, occasionally uttering a long, low whine, and refusing to be comforted. The procession formed before the house, and was headed by a band of instrumental music, followed by the servants of the deceased and hired mourners; then came the hearse, drawn by four black horses, each led by an attendant mourner, and on either side were six students from the Academy of Painting, each bearing a white staff with a crape streamer attached to it, mourners also walking by the side of the hearse. The hearse used here is a long, low, open carriage, covered with a black cloth pall so large as to conceal even the wheels. The coffin, an elaborately-carved wooden chest, quite different in shape from those used in England, is fastened with straps just above the perch of the carriage; the black pall is spangled over with silver stars and crosses; palm branches, garlands, bouquets, and flowers woven into the form of anchors, emblems of hope, tributes of affection from his friends, were fastened on to the pall; and on the top of the hearse was laid a crown of flowers and a crucifix. The personal friends of the deceased, principal artists and literary men of Dresden, to the amount of about a hundred, walking two and two, followed the hearse, and the procession was concluded by two mourning-coaches, one containing the young widow of the deceased, a female friend, the officiating clergyman, and Von Aer, the painter; and the other, Bendemann and some friends.

"We had to go for a considerable way through the town, during which time the

band continued to play appropriate music. After the gates of the town were passed, the music ceased, and we proceeded for about half an hour in silence, till we reached the gates of the burial ground. Whilst the body was being carried from the gates of the cemetery to the grave, a number of the members of the Allgemeine Dresden Singverein commenced a solemn hymn, which being ended, the coffin, crown, garlands, and palm branches, were lowered into the grave. Berthold Auerbach stepped forward and pronounced an eloquent farewell to his friend; this was followed by a few words from a director of one of the singing academies, from a teacher of one of the public schools, from Von Aer, the painter, an intimate friend of Reinick, and then by the burial oration of the clergyman. The ceremony was concluded by the widow throwing a handful of loose sand into the grave—an example followed by most of the friends present; and a farewell hymn being sung, we separated, and returned home. A more touching scene I have seldom witnessed—the poor young widow standing alone, bent down by a grief too deep for tears; a crowd of sad and sorrowing friends around; the sun shining warmly and brightly above us; and a lark, heard for the first time this year, pouring forth its clear notes—

"Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun."

"I cannot give you the speeches delivered over the grave; there was hardly a dry eye in the whole assembly, and tough, bearded men were weeping like children."

Previous to the exposé by M. Thomas, of the Bonaparte Election returns of December in a Belgian paper, reaching this country, Dr. Lieber, of S. C., had ingeniously tested this item of "Political Ethics" in the following article published in the *Columbia (S. C.) State-Rights Republican*:—"THE LATE VOTE IN FAVOR OF LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE PROVED TO BE A FALSE ONE.—We abstain from giving our opinion on the infamy of first breaking down a whole government by a brutal soldiery, and then forcing a nation to vote *yes* or *no* on the proposition which it pleases the chief of political brigands to propose; we omit saying on this occasion, anything on the ludicrous demand to give power to one person, of baking a constitution for a whole empire, like a loaf of bread, or making it *per saltum*, as that method of 'making a pope' is called when the conclave appoints one cardinal to elect the pope; we say nothing of the rare sight of seeing the national sovereignty marching quick-march by the prick of the bayonet; we mean to be silent upon that exquisite view of the people's sovereignty, according to which it acts like a volcano spitting fire at rare intervals, and remaining for the rest of the time a dark, dirty, sulphureous cavern, or rather, according to which it is allowed to act only when it is willing to resign for ever all liberty, and to use its momentary breathing time for the exalted purpose of imploring a chieftain to take the living and all future generations into loving perpetual bondage, as Tacitus says that the drunken German of his times would game himself and family into slavery, by one throw. What a spectacle! A whole nation is unmuzzled just to cry out, 'Oh, gag me, Saviour of my country,' and she is gagged accordingly! We pass over all these foul and foolish pranks and caricatures. Our sole object is to show that the result of the great vote of France by

which she is said to have made Mr. Bonaparte her own master, is, according to the official publications themselves, a false and lying one.

"The following statement is published in the French papers:

"There are, it is said, and probably with sufficient truth, 8,489,372 voters in France, containing at present 35,171,490 inhabitants. One fourth of a whole population is a large number for the voters, but we accept it. These 8,400,000 voters stand distributed thus:

Voted yes,	7,439,216
Voted no,	640,737
Annulled votes,	36,820
Did not vote at all,	372,599

8,489,372."

"Thus, according to the exhibit of the government itself, out of twenty-three or twenty-four voters, only one abstained from voting. And it is this we declare to be false, founding our calculation upon facts derived from antiquity and modern times. We do not hesitate to say, that this *cannot be true*. There are more people ill, travelling, incapable of leaving their business, than 372,000 out of 8,500,000, not to speak of the indolent, the old, the resolved abstainers, and the triflers.

"There is an interesting calculation of the proportion of actual voters to the number of persons that have the right to vote, in different countries and at different periods, in Lieber's *Political Ethics*, vol. II., page 386 and 387. It appears that the common vote in Athens was 5000 out of 20,000 to 25,000 citizens, who had the right to vote. Six thousand votes were considered the largest amount, and, consequently, required for extraordinary cases, for instance for ostracism. Six thousand Athenian votes, thus, corresponded to our two thirds which we require for some peculiar subjects, which we desire purposely to make difficult. Here, then, we have one fourth of the voters, generally voting. As a general rule it will be found, and can be easily accounted for, that the smaller the number of electors, the larger is the number of actual voters; and also, that the more extensive the election is, the smaller is the poll. Universal suffrage always produces the largest amount of abstainers. In the United States it has been found according to the authority cited above, that very frequently one voter of three actually votes. It indicates a high degree of interest if one half of the voters entitled to vote go to the poll. If two-thirds of the voters actually vote, in an election concerning an extensive population, excitement runs very high. In our presidential elections we rarely poll more than one half the number of people entitled to vote; very frequently less. We are disposed to make every possible allowance for a peculiar excitement in France during the voting of *yes* or *no* regarding the desired Sultanship of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, and had we found that three voters out of four, or four out of five, nay even five out of six had voted, we would have said nothing, whatever we might have thought; but no American practically acquainted with the real operation of real liberty, will ever believe that twenty-two out of twenty-three have voted; even though the army has a vote. The government has stamped itself with a lie in giving this pretended state of the vote. It is useless after this evidence to discuss whether it is likely that on an occasion like that only 600,000 voted *no*, when

7,500,000 voted *yes*, unless indeed force and threats were used; or whether the published result of the election is worth a fig, when we know that the entire election, from the receiving of the votes to the counting, determining of good and bad votes, summing up and publication passed exclusively through the fingers of government officers—men who took the republic from the telegraph wire as they took the Sultanship of Bonaparte from the same wires. A previous vote indeed! And upon this uniformity, sprinkled with relieving spots of a plentiful massacre, is founded such balderdash as that thing which is called the new Constitution! Louis Napoleon Bonaparte is too long a name for common use; he himself desires to be called Napoleon. Let us be accommodating. But he must needs be distinguished from the Emperor; why not then call him briefly NAPOLEON THE FOUL? Be this his well deserved name."

Returning to the subject, Dr. Lieber finds a confirmation of his tests in the vote in Algeria:—"This position has been strikingly supported by the vote on the same question of *yes* or *no*, that is, will you have Bonaparte for a Sultan or not? given in Algiers. It will be remembered that in France, according to government publication, only one person, entitled to vote, in 24, abstained from voting. In Algeria, however, it now appears that the voters and non-voters stood thus: Out of 68,000 voters, more than 50,000 abstained; 5,735 voted for Bonaparte and 6,527 against him. Remember that the larger part of the 68,000 voters are soldiers, and yet we have this remarkable result, which the government could not help publishing, because the votes were counted and known in Algeria; otherwise they would, unquestionably, have been falsified. The reasons why so many voters in Algeria abstained, and why the majority voted against the arrant usurper, are simply these: The French citizens, as well as the soldiers in Algeria, are scattered over a very large surface of ground; they could not, therefore, be so easily intimidated, bribed, in one word *managed*, as in France; the population of Algeria is not surrounded by the all-comprehending meshes of a stringently organized and reckless, unprincipled police, and the whole province is not so directly under the influence of the government wires as France herself. It, necessarily, enjoys a degree of independence."

The plot of a thoroughly French dramatic piece is given in this notice of the acting of the charming Déjazet in London, by the *Literary Gazette*:—"At the French Plays we have had Déjazet in *La Douairière de Brionne*, *César et Napoléon*, and *Le Postillon*. The two last are mere scenes, and somewhat stupid scenes; the first is a pretty little comedy in one act, which Bayard and Dumanoir have skilfully taken from Beranger. Every one knows the charming and dramatic *Ma Grandmère*, in which the old lady reveals to her astonished grand-daughter the peccadilloes of her youth; and every one knows the refrain—

"Combien je regrette
Mon bras si dodu,
Ma jambe bien faite
Et le temps perdu."

This song and this refrain the dramatists have laid hold of—*La Douairière de Brionne* is the result. The old Countess first appears to us as a bigoted, prudish, and severe censor of all enjoyment and all mirth. Nothing could be better than Déjazet's repre-

sentation of this kill-joy countess; she was wizened, cold, and aristocratic. You would no more suspect her of having once indulged in the thoughtless gaieties of youth, than you would suspect Pierrot at the *bal de l'opéra* to be a dissenting minister. She had not simply banished all mundane vanities, but had banished every trace of them, so that she seemed as if her youth had never been. The coarse campagnard, *Baron D'Olivet*, whom she has selected as the husband of her pupil, is bewildered by her exceeding strictness; he knows not where to turn in the house where not a glass of wine is permitted, where he is not allowed to kiss his betrothed wife, where dancing and laughter are abominations. Very comic is the scene between them, made more so from the inherent vulgarity of M. Tourtois, who played the *Baron*, and the refinement of Déjazet. But while they talk and while they dispute, it turns out that there is one single bottle of wine in the house, cradled in cobwebs, sacred from the touch of man. By the advice of the *Baron* the *Comtesse* tastes half a glass of wine to enable her to walk to church; the aroma and the fiery pleasure of this half-glass lead to a half a glass more; the blood mounts, the nerves are excited, the brain recalls its old memories, and the loosened tongue relates them: to their amazement the *Comtesse*, whom they have known only as a kill-joy, was in her youth one of the gayest of the gay. In her time—*c'était le vieux bon temps!*—girls laughed at marriage, and when married laughed at their husbands. In this strain she rattles on, till the *Baron* gets somewhat alarmed. Poor *Baron*, the worst is yet to come! The *Comtesse* has a grandson—a youth who bursts away from the *école de marine* in the most coquettish of costumes, and storming into the house carries off the *Baron's* bride before his eyes. Déjazet also played the grandson, and greatly amused the audience with her fresh, sparkling youthfulness after her picture of rigid old age."

It is not an easy thing to get the critical knife into so careful and elaborate a poem as Gray's Elegy—but in some recent remarks in the *Evening Post*, we find the scrutiny of two poets—Wordsworth and Bryant—into the universal classic:—"A literary friend, referring to Mr. Webster's discourse delivered before the Historical Society on Monday evening, says:

"I perceive that Mr. Webster commends the beginning of Gray's Elegy. Let me quote his words:

"The first three stanzas in Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard, are also remarkable for the power and accuracy with which rural scenery is presented, by grouping together many objects in one picture."

"Gray's Elegy is certainly one of the most universally popular poems in our language, and I admit that its popularity is founded in desert. It has faults, however, and some considerable ones, such as we should hardly expect to find in one so fastidious in his taste, and writing with such extreme care as Gray. When Goldsmith made a compilation of English poetry, he prefaced the Elegy by a few lines, speaking of it as a very pleasing composition, but exposed in parts to the objection of being too wordy. I once happened to mention this in a conversation I had with the poet Wordsworth, who said that Goldsmith was in the right. In one of his prefaces Wordsworth has stigma-

tized the following line from Gray's Elegy as nonsense:

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn.

"It must be admitted, however, that if the Elegy has some bad lines, it has also some of the finest in the language, such as—

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave,
and twenty more equally crowded with meaning. But my present business is with the three initial stanzas, which Mr. Webster commends for their accurate presentation of rural imagery. That what I have to say of them may be understood, I will quote them:

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea:
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the right,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings fill the distant folds.

"Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl doth to the moon complain,
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign."

"The curfew bell rings at eight o'clock, which seems to me a very late hour for the cows to come home and for the ploughman to leave his work. In midsummer, however, the thing might happen in England, where the scene of the poem is laid; but at that season there is a long interval of twilight—a softer day—between the return of the ploughman and herd and that darkness which Gray makes so suddenly to descend upon the landscape—and in that time the cows are to be milked, and the milk strained, and the oxen unyoked and fed, and many other rural tasks to be performed, before the world is left to darkness and the solitary poet. The stanza is inaccurate in representing things as simultaneous which are not so.

"The second stanza is so beautiful and so true, that I will not venture any observation on it, further than to say that if the two others resembled it, I should have no comment to make on Mr. Webster's criticism.

"The third stanza is merely a poor conceit, which mars the whole of the preceding picture. On the inelegance of the second line—

"The moping owl does to the moon complain—
there is no occasion that I should remark; but the idea that the owl, in what the poet calls "her ancient solitary reign," disturbed by people passing near her perch, complains aloud to the moon of their intrusion, is a childish fancy, not half so poetical as the truth would be, which is that the bird was calling to its fellows, or answering them. Besides this, the third stanza contradicts what the first has just said. The ploughman, departing from the field, has left the world to darkness and the poet, implying a profound solitude; but here, immediately afterwards, we have people walking about the church tower, and disturbing the owls. The solemnity of the solitude which we are made to feel with so much power in the preceding lines is broken and destroyed."

WOLFE'S QUOTATION FROM GRAY.

Messrs. Editors:

In your paper of this date I notice a query in regard to Gen. Wolfe having on the night before the battle of the Plains of Abraham, said: "I would prefer being the author of that poem ("The Elegy") to the glory of beating the French to-morrow."

In reference to this matter, you will find on p. 15, "Memoir of Gray," by Professor Henry Reed, prefixed to his edition of "Gray's

Poems," published in this city in 1850, the following statement:—

"This pleasing and pathetic incident was preserved in the memory of the late Professor Robinson, of Edinburgh, who, in youth, had been in military service, and was present in the boat with Wolfe; and now history has made the tradition her own."

It is also narrated, Prof. Reed adds, by Lord Mahon. For myself, I first remember seeing it stated, without any authority, however, in the advertisement to the Illustrated Edition of "The Elegy," published at least twelve years ago by Van Voorst, of London.

H. C. B.

PHILADELPHIA, March 27, 1852.

THE COSSACK'S WINTER-SONG.

[From the German of Ruckert.]

By the Don my mother she bore me,
'Mid mountains of ice and snow;
Yet with cold I never was frozen,
For my breast is always a-glow.
So, my good steed bestriding,
Through the lands I come riding
So far from the gates of Moscow
That where I am I don't know.

I sat upon my threshold,
And none so happy as I;
I caught fresh fish for my table
From the stream that went rushing by;
I shot at the weasel
The fox and the sable,
And made of the skin a garment,
When winter, grim winter, drew nigh.

Then came from Alexander
A call to me one night:
"Up, Cossacks, shoulder to shoulder,
There's other game in sight!
Fierce beasts and devouring
Our purlieus are scouring,
A blood-spotted panther among them;
Up, up to the chase, to the fight!"

My steed, he pricked his ears up,
For the summons he heard was not low;
He came; without spur or saddle,
I mounted 'mid ice and snow;
His bare back bestriding!
Through the lands I came riding,
So far from the gates of Moscow,
That where I am I don't know.

And now I have driven the foemen,
All that live, from my Emperor's lands,
And they that remained in the country,
Are all now in very good hands.
We found ourselves hurried,
In the snow they lie buried;
In spring, when the snow-drifts are melted,
We'll bury them under the sands.

Now tell me, thou German, I pray thee,
How much longer and farther I ride,
Till I come to the end of my journey,
To the land where the foemen abide!
What day and what hour
Through France shall I seour,
And strangle the blood of the serpent
In the pestilent hole where they hide!

A terrible comrade comes riding
Along with me; well do ye know
His might—ye have felt his keen arrows,
Ice-pointed and feathered with snow;
His name—it is Winter,
Your lances he'll splinter,
He rides on a cloudy-white charger
And follows wherever I go.

He rides like the whirlwind behind you
With an icy-cold pike in his hand,
And in front he comes scattering, to blind
you,
The snow in your faces like sand;

The rivers he bridges
With icy-backed ridges,
That he and I may find you,
Ye Frenchmen, at home in your land!

I have not yet forgotten
The lesson ye bade me learn
The home of peace and comfort
Into fire and smoke to burn
Barns, houses have ye, too,
T'were well ye should see to
For I, when I will, have torches,
Your homes and your garners to burn.

And if I take vengeance, who blames me?
But Alexander says right:
"You and the cold are no strangers,
Nor need ye the fire-brand's light;
The snow-pillow fleecy
Your slumber makes easy;
Your tent is the awning of heaven,
The stars are your candles by night.

"Wild stories of Northern barbarians
They tell in this southerly land,
Who bring them nothing but murder
And plunder, and blackness and brand.
Now, then, Cossacks, go ye,
To silence them, show ye
What you from the North bring with you,
From Him whom no might can withstand!"

C. T. B.

THE BARONESS DE FEUCHÈRES.

It is rumored that Louis Napoleon is about to summon the Courts to revise the decision relative to the death of the Prince of Condé, and that there are abundant proofs to establish that the Prince was assassinated by the Baroness de Feuchères and *her accomplices*. From the proof of the assassination will result the annulling of the second will which made the Duke d'Aumale the heir of the Prince, and the confirmation of the first will which left the Chateau of Chantilly and its magnificent dependencies to the descendants of the ancient soldiers of the army of Condé. Thus speaks the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, of March 1, 1852:

The following sketch, written a few years since, (1847,) indicates the remarkable story of the lady in question:

SUCCESSION OF THE BARONESS DE FEUCHÈRES.

For sale to-morrow, 17th instant, by the heirs of the Baroness, at the auction sitting of the tribunal of the Seine, in the Palais de Justice, the extensive estates depending upon, and forming part of this succession, and composed as follows, viz.:

1. A splendid Hotel, situate at Paris, No. 18 Place Vendome. Upset price 500,000 fr.

2. The well-known and magnificent Chateau and domain of Mortefontaine, situate in the department of the Oise and Seine, at Oise, distant 25 miles from Paris, producing annually 50,000 fr. Upset price 1,200,000 fr.

3. The Forest of Montmorency, situate in Montmorency and the adjacent communes, in the department of Seine et Oise, capable of producing upwards of 120,000 fr. per annum. Upset price 2,246,000 fr.—*Galignani's Messenger, Paris, Dec. 10.*

Going! going! gone! to swell the pomp and bloated importance of the aspiring millionaire of the Chaussee d'Antin, the *bourgeois gentilhomme* of the dynasty of the citizen King. This, ere now, is the probable disposition of the time-worn Chateau, and the ancestral domain of the Condés. The Chateau of Mortefontaine, and the Forest of Montmorency, in whose shade the great Condé, flushed with conquest, reposed from the toils of war, and

to whose retreats Jean Jaques Rousseau, while basking in the genial sunshine of favor of a noble patron, retired from the companionship of his contemporaries, and gave utterance to a truthful eloquence which gained the sympathy of the world. These were the rich bounties, prodigal offerings of love bestowed by the Duc de Bourbon, the last of the heroic line of the Condés upon the Baroness de Feuchères. The substantial homage to beauty, of wealth and station.

The history of the fair subject of our sketch carries us back in imagination, to the pleasure loving Court of Charles the Second, to the days of revel of the merry monarch, when the wanton smile of a mistress established a right to a Duchy, and the favors of a fair lip were rewarded with a principality; when a foreign courtesan claimed in right of her charms, the Duchy of Portsmouth, and the careless player girl Nell Gwynne, gave birth to princes.

The triumph of personal charms and accomplishments, in spite of vice and lowliness of condition, is no less marked in the career of the Baroness de Feuchères, though living in an age of severer virtue. No birth could have been more humble than that of the Baroness. Her father was a poor fisherman rejoicing in the plebeian name of Dawes. Sophy, his daughter, a poor, half naked child of nature, passed her early youth upon the sands of a humble fishing village, little dreaming in her artless simplicity of her future elevation. Titles and lordly possessions were not compassed by her brightest visions. The limits of her native hamlet bounded her ambition. She dreamed of no conquests beyond the young sailor companion of her father. But she was not destined to blossom unseen. Her beauty and interesting mien attracted the patronizing notice of a neighboring Squire's lady; by her influence, she gained admittance into a school of charity—whence after receiving the elements of a simple education, she was sent to London as an apprentice to a milliner. Her resistless beauty exposed her to the temptations of the metropolis to which she easily yielded. She became the reigning toast of the gay gallants of the town—the flaunting mistress—the wanton beauty of the theatre.

The Duc de Bourbon, then in London, in consequence of the expulsion of the Royal family from France, while in search of pleasure to relieve the ennui of his exile, came within the influence of her attractive charms. Her conquest was complete; her winning air irresistible. The last of the Condés became the devoted slave of the London courtesan, the poor fisherman's daughter, and his power and wealth were henceforward at her service; such is the witchery of beauty.

The return of the Duc de Bourbon to France, upon the restoration of the Royal family, served to extend her triumph; upon the Duke resuming his ancestral dignities, the fair object of his affections shared his elevation. She was enthroned mistress of the Palais de Bourbon, the successor of a long line of high-titled dames, whose very pictures upon the walls must have frowned as they looked down upon her, flaunting in the ancient hall, the scene of their past triumphs.

There is no period in history, where the

higher classes were more exclusive in their social relations than during the reign of Louis XVIII. The restoration was deemed by the court a triumph over the people.—The aristocracy were conscious that they had regained their privileges by the aid of an external force, and consequently felt that they owed no gratitude to the *canaille* of their own country. The distinction between the *noblesse* and the *bourgeoisie* was never more marked. Virtue and merit, unaccompanied by pretensions to birth, met in this sentiment of exclusiveness with an irresistible obstacle to advancement in society.

The mistress of the Duc de Bourbon succeeded where higher claims were of no avail. She became the reigning belle of the exclusive coteries of the Faubourg St. Germain, the coveted guest of the most fashionable *salons*, the Queen of beauty and fashion.—She was received at court, and shared in the distinctions of the most noble and high-born. Miss Sophy Dawes (her plebeian name, gives piquancy to the fact) was in every respect treated *en duchesse*.

The Baron de Feuchères, a young and gallant soldier, aid-de-camp to the Duke, and enjoying a high rank in the army, possessed of every advantage that nature and high rank could bestow to render him an object of interest in the eyes of the fair and courtly, was struck with her beauty, and proposed for her hand. The Duc de Bourbon, anxious to promote the ambitious views of his mistress and obtain for her a recognized rank and position, eagerly consented. The young nobleman, blinded by his love to the real relation between the object of his affections and the Duke, and receiving from the latter the positive assurance that Miss Dawes was his natural daughter, made her his wife, and she became the Baroness de Feuchères. The Baron, with the frank confidence of a noble nature, trusting in the honor of his master, became the victim of an unprincipled prince and an ambitious designing woman. The transaction is unequalled for its baseness. Never was the altar more desecrated than by this unholy marriage. There stood the licentious Duke, in the false character of a father, the unchaste woman in the borrowed garb of purity, deceit and falsehood personified, the dark shades of a revolting picture thrown into broader contrast by the bright beaming virtues of the young Baron de Feuchères. The Duc de Bourbon was guilty of a great social wrong, prompted by the unholy feudal spirit which claims the rights of inferiors in birth, as fair objects of sacrifice.

It was not long before the Baron was awakened to a suspicion of the true position of his wife. He sought an interview with the Duc de Bourbon, and spoke boldly of his wrongs, but left his presence assured of the innocence of the Baroness and the injustice of his suspicions. His sentiments of loyalty forbade him to suspect the honor of his prince. He did not, however, remain long in suspense; vexed by his own doubts and the whisperings of his friends, so galling to a man of spirit.

His wife became the witness of her own dishonor: in a moment of rage she confessed that she was the mistress of the Duke, and that she had ever been devoted to his passions. The Baron de Feuchères hurried

to the presence of the Duc de Bourbon, and boldly reproached him with his wrongs. He returned his commission and resigned the various lucrative offices, for which he had been indebted to the patronage of the prince, and resolved to leave the scene of his dishonor. The Duke alternately availed himself of threats and promises to change his purpose, but he was inflexible. He abandoned the service of the Duke and the worthless Baroness forever.

His wife witnessed his departure, without a passing regret. She had no sorrow to expend upon the absence of one she had never loved. She had gained her purpose, and the instrument of her advancement was of no longer service. His presence served only to constrain her relations with the Duke, and his reproaches to embitter her life of pleasure, and to disturb her wanton repose. The Baroness with the additional *eclat* of her separation from her husband, continued to lead a life of gaiety and fashion. Her influence over the Duc de Bourbon increased with his years, until that relation which had been sought to bring pleasure, became an insufferable burthen. The Duke wearied with the importunities of his mistress, and impatient of her control, sought refuge in death. He was found killed by his own hand in his bed-chamber, though there were not wanting suspicions of foul play. He left the greater part of his immense possessions, diminished only by his bounties to the Baroness, to the Duc d'Aumale, the third son of the present king of France.

Louis Philippe, then Duke of Orleans, ever alive to the personal interests of his family, was known to have intrigued with the Baroness de Feuchères, for the purpose of directing her influence upon the Duc de Bourbon, to his own advantage. He was desirous of adding the immense fortune of the house of Condé to those of Orleans. He industriously courted the friendship of the Baroness, she was constant guest at the Palais Royal, and his family bestowed upon her every attention that could flatter her vanity and obtain her good will. Through the influence of the Duke of Orleans, she was admitted at Court, the object of her highest ambition. The Duc de Bourbon, shared with most of his family, a jealous suspicion of the Orleans branch. The political treason of Philip Egalité, the father of Louis Philippe, served to destroy all cordiality between his family and the Bourbons. The Duke of Bordeaux, the legitimate successor by hereditary right to the throne of France, was the nearest heir by law to the succession of the Condés, and would have probably succeeded to the possessions of the Duc de Bourbon had not this natural disposition of his fortunes been counteracted by the influence of the Baroness de Feuchères. The Duke of Orleans was anxious to have obtained for himself or his oldest son the succession, but the Duc de Bourbon could not be prevailed upon to yield to his ambitious views. As a compromise to satisfy the importunities of his mistress and his own prejudices, he declared the Duc d'Aumale his heir, rendering him the richest man in Europe after his father. The character of Louis Philippe gains no credit in connection with these facts, and his political enemies of the *National* and the *Gazette de France*, the exponents of the extreme opinions in France, have not spared their reproaches.

The Baroness de Feuchères, after the death of the Duc de Bourbon, abandoned by her friends, and finding that society in which she had acted so prominent a part, a desert of friendship and affections, retired to London, to enjoy in a private life the bounties of the Duke. She died lately. Since her death, her property has been the subject of litigation. Her husband, the Baron de Feuchères, claimed a right to the property, which right he ceded to the Hospices of Paris, (unwilling to enjoy the wages of sin.) The case has been decided in the Courts of Law, of London and Paris, in favor of the heirs of the Baroness.

The sketch, that we have presented, is not unworthy of notice, as a chapter of contemporary history, illustrative of the character of men of historical interest, of the manners of the times, of the morality of the higher classes and the vicissitudes of fortune. To those who may deem what we have written unworthy of record, as gossip and trifling, we address the apology used by Voltaire on a similar occasion.

"Tant de détails pourraient rebuter un philosophe : mais la curiosité, cette faiblesse si commune aux hommes, cesse presque d'en être une, quand elle a pour objet des temps et des hommes qui attirent les regards de la posterité."

R. T.

THE FINE ARTS.

The Art Union, the distribution of which, postponed from December, was announced finally to come off last week, has again been interrupted by certain legal proceedings, the final purport of which is to test the legality of the, so called lottery feature, under the State Constitution. As no misfortune comes without its alleviations, it is the satisfaction of this emergency that the Institution will come forth from the trial, fully tested as to its value and purity and, from present indications, in the straightforward published opinions of Judge Daly and Hon. Samuel Jones, with the full establishment of its legality. At any rate this point having been questioned in one of our courts, it is due to the public and the numerous subscribers and members, that the matter should be authoritatively disposed of. The case excites largely the attention of the public, at least that considerable portion of it which takes pride in the encouragement of Art and of American Artists. In the city of New-York the Free Gallery of the Art Union has grown to be a kind of municipal Institution, visited by the whole people—as much a public property and benefit as the Battery or the Fountains. To the country at large, it is known as a National Affair, distributing annually the works of every artist of merit, diffusing information on art through new regions, and everywhere acceptable by the agency of its members and secretaries, composed universally of the most honorable members of the community. The Art Union has accomplished a taste for Art, a knowledge and possession of paintings and engravings through the land, promoting in many ways the refinement and pleasures of the people. These things do not enter into legal argument, but they belong to the merits of the case. There are few persons, we presume, who attach the idea of a vulgar lottery, or anything of immorality, to the proceedings of tens of thousands of the best citizens of the country, so publicly carried on during the last ten years. The "lot"

feature has been by no means the only one of the Art Union; unfortunately it is an essential one from its being utterly impossible to provide every member with a *painting* of equal merit, were it possible from the cost, while it requires a wiser judgment than Solomon to divide the separate shreds of any particular canvas of Durand or Leutze, to the satisfaction of the subscribers!

In the meantime, while the Art Union is in the scales of justice, the National Academy is preparing rapidly its spring exhibition. This, we understand, is to open with more than usual display. The regular contributors have generally made great advances on their former productions, and some who have been but little known to our picture seeing public will appear to great advantage. The President, Durand, will exhibit a composition of a scripture subject, which is generally considered his greatest work, and is certainly a very grand picture and entirely different from anything he has painted before. He has also some smaller pictures, one of which is also different in sentiment from anything we have seen from his hand, a sombre and solemn-toned brook scene. The exhibition will be attractive in portraits of great power. Healy has a full length of two ladies—the daughters of Col. Thorn. Grey has a remarkably beautiful portrait composition of two children, certainly the best thing of its kind he has painted. Hicks's gubernatorial portrait for the city, is a picture of wonderful vigor and brilliancy, and must add materially to the artist's fame. Rossiter has also a showy full length of a lady. Lang has several compositions of life-size figures. Mr. Carpenter, an artist of much promise, will exhibit a full length of a well known citizen of New-York. One or two of the pictures sent out from Italy, by Page, will probably be in the exhibition. Huntington has a composition of life size figures, illustrative of a scripture subject. Cropsey has contributed several most beautiful landscapes, among them one of quite a large size, which is one of the best, perhaps the very best, of the efforts of his talent, and is thoroughly American in its material and sentiment. Church has several pictures. Kensett has two compositions, and Inness five, recently sent out from Italy. Casilear has a very beautiful picture said to be much superior to anything he has painted previously. There will also be a number of very fine German pictures. Boutelle, we believe, has but one this year. Baker contributes some exquisite pieces of color, and a head of remarkable beauty of sentiment. Of the younger artists, a number will appear to much better advantage than ever hitherto. Taking all the 'remarkables' and 'wonderfuls' into consideration we may expect something very attractive in the coming exhibition, and we hope it may receive the attention of our utilitarian public.

MESSRS. GOUFIL & Co. are following up the series of art-gratifications which they have for sometime afforded the public by the exhibition of a new painting by Paul Delaroche. It is a contribution to what may be styled the painter's *Napoleon Gallery*, the artist having painted scenes enough from his favorite hero's life, to form one of no inconsiderable extent. The present painting represents Napoleon at Fontainebleau, meditating his abdication. There is but one figure, that of the Emperor, who is seated in his uniform and "redingote gris," with boots splashed with mud, in a careless attitude,

sidewise on a chair, with one arm resting on its back. The unshorn beard, the wearied eye, the relaxed muscles, all betoken extreme bodily fatigue, and the whole expression of face and form indicates alike mental anxiety and weariness. The look is not that of a hero, rather of a bad man, whose schemes are foiled and who feels the ground caving away beneath him—a truthful rendering of scene and character, perhaps, but not one we should have looked for from a French artist. The execution of the work is admirable, and the physical truth of the expression of weariness, and sleepiness worthy of close study.

Messrs. G. & Co. have just published a well executed lithographic portrait of Mrs. Catherine N. Sinclair, late Mrs. Forrest.

A new exhibition of Statuary to be opened this week at the Stuyvesant Institute, the work of Mr. Brackett, now of Boston, whose studio in New York a few years since will be remembered by our art-noticing citizens, comes to us with the recommendations of friends and critics of "wisest censure." The subject is a group, the "Shipwrecked Mother and Child," wrought from a block of Vermont marble. Greenough has written a warmly eulogistic letter on its treatment, which has been published, and Edward Everett has commended it in some public proceedings. A Boston letter to us, announcing the departure of the work for this city remarks, "It is, indeed, a work of great beauty, besides flattering one into a most 'pleasing sadness' while looking upon it. I will not go into its particular merits, for you will quickly see them for yourself, and they will be sure to grow upon you as often as you look upon it." We shall speak of it, from observation, in our next.

VARIETIES.

THE BETTER LAND.

ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED WIFE.

From the German.

BY C. T. B.

Know'st thou the land where every wo is o'er,
Where the poor heart with anguish heaves no
more,
Where balmy breathings cool the fevered
breast,
And the clear eye looks forth, serene and blest?
Know'st thou the land?
Then thither, oh!
Thither to her,
My loved one, would I go!

Know'st thou the house—its mossy roof dost
know?
The narrow chamber, dark and sad, below?
Yet peace is there; naught stirs the sleep so
sound
Of him who there, at last, his home hath found.
Know'st thou the house?
Then thither, oh!
Thither to her,
Still dwelling, would I go!

Know'st the hill? The vale beyond dost
know?
There ends the way, there ends our every wo;
From the dark chasm steals a voice e'en now:
"I wait for thee! Come! Ah! why tarriest
thou?"
She calls for me!
Ay, down below;
I would, I must
To her, my lost one, go!"

—Christian Enquirer.

THE FRENCH STAGE.—I have not been at any theatre, opera, or other place of public amusement since New Year's night, when I saw the

Malade Imaginaire beautifully performed at the *Français*. They always choose for the beginning of the year some play with a good *ceremonie*, which affords all the *corps* an opportunity to come forward and make their bow to the public. The *ceremonie* of the *Malade Imaginaire* is, as you doubtless remember, a mock inauguration of a doctor, in glorious *macaronic* Latin, or Latin and French mingled in exquisitely ridiculous properties. All the company, ladies and all, appeared in the scarlet robes of the faculty, even to the clever little girl who played *Louise*; they came forward two by two and received the salutations of the audience, as they parted right and left to take their seats. Requier, who had been, if possible, better than himself, as the young doctor in the piece (M. Diaforus fils), brought in a little "gag" of his own, when it came to be his turn to examine the candidates; he asked this question, not in the original—

Quid faciendum feminis
Don't les appas sont fieris.

But there has been a much better *ceremonie* since then, when the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* was given, and the *Français* and *Academie* combined their forces, so that singers, dancers, and actors, all made their appearance together. —Carl Benson in the *Spirit of the Times*.

KEESE'S RETORT TO GOWAN.

Mr. Gowan has been among books from his boyhood. He knows when to attend an auction, and what to buy. Many an Irish retort has he dealt to Keese the auctioneer, who does not every day meet such a match as Gowan, nor always suffer even then. When Keese was once selling prayer-books, Mr. G., who sat somewhat back in the company, wishing to "put upon" the rattling auctioneer slightly, interrupted the rapid vocalization with—"are they in English?" As quick as gunpowder Keese replied—"Of course they are; do you suppose a man is going to pray in Irish?"

The preceding is from the *Evening Mirror*, to which we may add another which came off in our presence, and has not yet got into print:

A *Sentiment*.—One day there was in the long wareroom one of those monotonous drones of well-trained beggar boys harping on a single string, against all questions and comers to the tune of "give me a penny—give me a penny—give me a penny." There was no making any impression on him short of kicking him down stairs. A book-worm or two at the tables were getting vexed and impatient. "Oh," says Keese, who happened to come along, "it's that fellow, he's always on one (s)cent."

LOVE AT TWO SCORE.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

Ho! pretty page, with dimpled chin,
That never has known the barber's shear,
All your aim is woman to win—
That is the way that boys begin—

Wait till you come to forty year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains;
Billing and cooing is all your cheer,
Sighing and singing of midnight strains,
Under Bonnybell's window panes—

Wait till you've come to forty year.

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass
Grizziling hair the brain doth clear;
Then you know a boy is an ass,
Then you know the worth of a lass,
Once you have come to forty year.

Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,
All good fellows whose beards are grey,
Did not the fairest of the fair
Common grow, and wearisome, ere
Even a month was past away?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,
The brightest eyes that ever have shone,

May pray and whisper, and we not list,
Or look away and never be missed,
Ere yet even a month was gone.

Gilligan's dead, Heaven rest her bier;
How I loved her twenty years syne!
Marian's married, but I sit here
Alive and merry at forty year,
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS have in press, and will shortly publish:—Austria in 1848 and 1849: a Political History of the Austrian Empire, embracing an Account of the Revolutionary Movements at Vienna, Milan, Venice, Prague, and in Hungary; with full details of the Hungarian Constitution and Rights, the Assaults made upon them, and the Struggle for their maintenance; with a Sketch of the Life and Character of Kossuth, by WILLIAM H. STILES, late Chargé d'Affaires at the Court of Vienna; Portraits, 2 vols. 8vo. The Howadji in Spain, by George Wm. Curtis, Esq., Author of The Nile Notes of a Howadji. Bunsen's Life of Niebuhr. Falkenburg, by the Author of "Mildred Vernon," &c. Romanism at Home. The Two Families of Chapelton, by the Author of "Rose Douglas."

The Works of J. A. Ingress, in a series of 102 plates, engraved by Reveil and bound in a 4to volume, with text, &c., has been imported by BAILLIERE.

MR. LOSSING, the well known artist in wood engraving and author of several works, announces an elaborate Typographical, Documentary, Biographical, and Pictorial History of our Republic, from the adoption of the Federal Constitution to the year 1814, and a companion work on the Old French War.

MR. J. S. REDFIELD announces as in preparation Michaud's History of the Crusades, of which vol. 1 is just published in London. He also announces the Complete Works of William Congreve, with Memoir by Hartley Coleridge, in 2 vols. 12mo., with a portrait, being the first of a series of works of the English Dramatists, commencing with those of the Restoration. J. S. R. has in press The English Dramatic Poets, commencing with the Comic Dramatists of the Restoration, in 12mo. vols. I. The Complete Works of William Congreve: with a biography by Hartley Coleridge, and a criticism on his works by William Hazlitt, in 2 vols. 12mo., with Portrait.

The *Musical World* is the title of a new semi-monthly journal published and edited by Oliver Dyer, No. 257 Broadway, who is assisted in the management of its various departments by experienced and accomplished musical writers. The European correspondents are Wellington Guernsey, London; W. H. Fry, Paris; and Lowell Mason, Germany. The *Musical World* appears on the 1st and 15th of each month in a large quarto form of 24 pages. A recent number says: "A house in this city once occupied by Gen. Washington, is now a music store. Washington's bedroom is filled with drums, trumpets, ophelines, and trombones; his study is hung round with fiddles, violoncellos, double-basses, guitars, banjos, and all manner of stringed instruments; the library shelves are piled with 'Oh, boys, carry me long,' 'Nelly Bly,' 'Chuck in de wood dar,' 'Give me Old Music,' 'Ben Bolt,' besides thousands of other pieces of music more refined and classical; the old reception and drawing rooms now compose the general sales rooms, and the remainder of the building is usefully disposed of. Among other musical compositions, beneath which the shelves are groaning, is a favorite song entitled the 'Old Pear Tree,' which commemorates the touching recollections that are associated with a septuagenarian tree, planted in the yard by Wash-

ington's own hand, and still standing." This house is the one occupied by Firth, Pond & Co., Franklin Square.

"A Hand-Book of Slavery—of permanent value to clergymen and others who take part in Church Judicatories—and a desirable volume of reference for every one," is announced to appear next week, in a duodecimo of 300 pages. J. D. THORPE, Publisher, Cincinnati.

Messrs. GOULD & LINCOLN, Boston, are preparing to put forth about the middle of this month "Chambers's Pocket Miscellany"—a monthly series in 16mo. of 180 pages. Also in preparation are: "Tales of Enterprise and Adventure, for the amusement of the Young." "The Great Cities of the Ancient World in their Glory and Desolation," and a new book by Dr. Kitto.

Messrs. LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co., Philadelphia, have in preparation a series of Cabinet Histories of the United States, under the direction of T. S. Arthur and W. H. Carpenter. Which Series promises equal usefulness with the various histories of distinguished persons so successfully projected by the Messrs. Abbott and published by Messrs. Harper & Bros.

Messrs. MOORE & ANDERSON, Cincinnati, have in press a Review of Bishop Doane's Protest, and a work on oratory, entitled the American Orator and Manual of Eloquence, by J. C. Zachor, author of several works.

ENGLISH.

"Suggestions in Design," for the use of artists, and art-workmen in metal, wood, glass, and leather, the Potter, Engraver, Printer in colors, &c., is the title of a publication issuing in monthly shilling parts by Mr. Bogue, London. The work embraces all styles and materials and will contain hundreds of hints in design.

"Across the Rocky Mountains from New York to California; with a Stay at the Mormon Colony at Salt Lake," by W. Kelly, is the first volume of a new Monthly Series or Library, entitled "The Book-case," recently started by Simeon & McIntyre, Paternoster Row.

Lord Ingestrie edits a small volume of contributions from various authors, on the present state and prospects of society, entitled "Meliora; or, Better Times to Come."—Lord Holland is editing another volume of his father's reminiscences, entitled "Memoirs of the Whig Party during my Time."—Sir J. E. Davis, the late Governor of Hong Kong, and well known author of "China and the Chinese," has just ready a new work on "China during the War and since the Peace," in two volumes, with illustrations.—The Library edition of "Dr. Thirlwall's Greece" is now completed by the appearance of the 8th volume.—The Rev. J. H. Gurney, Rector of St. Mary's, Marylebone, has nearly ready for publication a volume of "Historical Sketches," illustrating memorable events and epochs. A new weekly literary journal, "The People's Atheneum," price 1*l*4*d*, is announced in London.

Messrs. BLACK announce a uniform octavo library edition of the Waverley Novels: it will be printed in a new, large, and distinct type, and each volume will contain a complete novel; the whole series forming 25 volumes. In their prospectus, the publishers compute the entire number of copies sold of former editions at 120,000.—"The Life of Wallace" forms the subject of a romance announced by Messrs. BLACK; and "The Days of Bruce, a Posthumous Tale," by the late Miss Aguilar.

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The London *Daily News* pronounces M. Huc "a most agreeable narrator. We give our readers a specimen of this really charming book, though it is one which most of our readers will be sure to purchase and treasure up for themselves. We could fill columns with amusing extracts, but it is best to send our readers to the book itself."

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